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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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An Announcement

LET us confess the difficulties of book reviewing. Ten thousand books and more are published annually in America. Many of these are reprints, text books, or highly technical treatises, but probably four thousand volumes pass yearly over the sheves of *The Saturday Review*. And then English works not published here, and important books in French, German, Italian, Scandinavian, Spanish, all to be noticed. . . .

For comment on outstanding books in special fields *The Saturday Review* has been fortunate in obtaining distinguished authorities, whose reviews and special articles have inspired confidence.

For those particular occasions, which arise indeed almost weekly, the services of writers well known to all the reading world are borrowed for the purposes of criticism. It would be easy to draw from the files of *The Saturday Review* a list of names well-loved for their contributions, and say, these are our reviewers. They *are* our special staff of celebrities, but since their profession is to be distinguished in story-telling, verse, or history they can usually be critics only on occasion. The sweat and labor of the day, the task of routine sorting, appraising, discriminating is not for them; they cannot review often, as a professional critic should.

The Saturday Review hopes always to boast of its celebrities, but it still more strongly desires to avoid that morass of mediocrity into which general reviewing has so often fallen, a dismal swamp of stale, perfunctory opinion from inexperienced writers or weary hacks. The Editors have long striven to avert the dreadful penalty which waits upon a situation which provides too many books and too few professional reviewers—they hope with some success. For many months they have been considering a new manœuvre in the never ending war against the powers of dulness, and now have the honor to announce "The Saturday Reviewers."

"The Saturday Reviewers," whose reviews will appear exclusively in this journal, are professional critics, long tested in their various fields, and many of them eminent in their own creative work. They share a common ideal of critical excellence, no matter how various may be their personal opinions and how divergent, on occasions, their points of view. They will be not a clique, but a council, an auxiliary council to the editorial staff. By advice, by argument *viva voce*, by discriminating selection, by their own pens, they will help in the delicate task of sorting and estimating the current books. With their aid the Editors hope to make notice in *The Saturday Review* of itself an indication that a book is important enough to be praised or damned, and with their assistance they hope that standards of criticism, which in the confusion of the Age of Advertisement have been too often lost to sight, will be more discernible over the melée.

Book reviewing must be news but it should also be criticism. If it is merely information, merely publicity, merely "selling talk," merely enthusiasm, gossip or spite, it is no more than debased journalism. And if it is dull as well as ignorant, neither reader, author, nor publisher is served.

The Saturday Review has selected from among those who have proven their ability in various fields the following group as the first of the "Saturday Reviewers:"

Hervey Allen, Ernest Sutherland Bates, Arthur Colton, Malcolm Davis, Edward L. Davison, Lee Wilson Dodd, Frank Jewett Mather, Lloyd Morris, Allan Nevins, R. G. Tugwell.

Paysage

By JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY

THE hill humps up the windy ridge,
A naked field crawls after;
Old cedars mark the upper edge,
Dusty and dark on the harsh ledge—
Green bottles on a rafter,

And cast their shadows on a house
Of mean gray weathered wood,
Its dun flanks flattened to a piece
With the dumb solitude.

Only the clothes-line banners warm
Colors from tree to tree, —
Crude effigies of the human form
Skipping desirously.

This Week

"Selected Poems of Carl Sandburg." Reviewed by *Louis Untermeyer.*

"The Sacred Giraffe." Reviewed by *Arthur Colton.*

"Evolution in Modern Art." Reviewed by *Alfred H. Barr, Jr.*

"Sutter's Gold." Reviewed by *M. R. Werner.*

"Guy de Maupassant." Reviewed by *Ernest Boyd.*

"Stepchild of the Moon." Reviewed by *Robert B. Macdougall.*

"Flatlands." Reviewed by *Frank V. Morley.*

"The Democratic Way of Life." Reviewed by *William Macdonald.*

The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

"A Sporting Tour Through Ireland." Reviewed by *Alfred Stoddart.*

"David, a Play." Reviewed by *Lee Wilson Dodd.*

"Words, Ancient and Modern." Reviewed by *Philip Krapp.*

A Letter from Canada. By *William Arthur Deacon.*

Next Week

Children's Book Week Number.

The Passing of the Great Race

By ELMER DAVIS

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—Our readers may wonder how we can publish the subjoined chapter from the official "History of American Letters in the Twentieth Century," prepared by the Federal Bureau of Literacy Enforcement, in view of the fact that that volume will not appear till April 1, 2013. It was obtained, we may explain, by a simple inversion of the familiar process which enables historians to interpret with confidence the state of mind of bygone ages, even when documentary evidence is wholly lacking. Truth being timeless, a process suited to reconstruction of the past is obviously quite as applicable to preconstruction of the future.)

"THEY laid Henry James in his grave and John Barleycorn passed away, to rise again on the third day." So begins Leopold Nadelbier's "The Golden Decade" (New York: Merkur-Verlag, Alfred A. Knopf Nachfolger, 1953) inducting the reader into what must be regarded as the Heroic Age of American letters, when (the virtually unanimous voice of contemporary criticism leaves no room for doubt on this point) all novels were important and all novelists were great.

Confronted by this astounding phenomenon, the obsolescence for a dozen years of all degrees of comparison but the superlative, the thoughtful student cannot but wonder why this truly Great Race, as gifted and as mysterious as the Cro-Magnons or the Proto-Nords, should so soon have passed away. What were the hidden causes of the decline and fall of American literature from this brief apogee to its present state,* when a respectable level of uninspired competence is general, but true greatness is deplorably rare? Why were our ancestors so far beyond us? Why this brief flowering and sudden decay?

* * *

The question cannot be answered without some consideration of the characteristics of the Golden Decade. Let no one be misled by the apparent irreverence of Nadelbier; for he lived a generation later. Of the splendors of the Golden Decade he could have had only fragmentary infantile memories; but he knew that his own generation was unsatisfactory enough, and it is impossible to escape the conclusion that his history of his parents' time was colored by an unconscious envy of those who had been old enough to be out after dark in the Golden Decade. Not till 1987, be it remembered, was the doctrine of obligatory irreverence to one's immediate ancestors superseded by Heckwelder's great biological discovery that every Younger Generation is destined to become an Older Generation; that in the truceless war between fathers and sons, the sons have no sooner won their predestined victory than they throw away its fruits by becoming fathers.†

Moreover, the men of Nadelbier's day, perhaps suspecting that they were epigones of a nobler race, were addicted to a defensive cynicism; they were ill equipped to understand the Great Romantics who flourished in the Harding, Coolidge, and Upshaw Administrations.

For the Golden Decade (if one may retain the

*The author is speaking, it must be remembered, from the standpoint of A.D. 2013.

†Some adumbrations of this truth may indeed be detected in earlier writings, but there is no evidence that anyone acted as if he believed it before 1987.

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metallic metaphor) grew out of the Iron Quinquennium; it began with the simultaneous triumphant conclusions of the War to End War and the War to End Rum. It is true that neither war nor rum remained ended for any length of time, and that the principal result of the wars to end them was only a perceptible deterioration in the quality of both. None the less the Heroic Age began as a reaction against the hard realities which the world from 1914 to 1919 (to employ a quaint idiom of the period) had nothing else but.

It had been predicted during the war that the literature of the first years of peace would be romantic, but it had not been foreseen that it would be Romantic in the technical sense, Romantic as opposed to Classic—or, in more modern terminology, subjective as opposed to objective. During the war life had been intensely and uncomfortably objective; the reaction was inevitable, especially as the prosperity of America after the war fortunately relieved American authors from the continued concentration on objective realities which was necessary in Europe.

The Classic contemplates the Universe, conceding it *pro tanto* objective validity, and is concerned with the Individual only in so far as he has a place in the Universe, which is not apt to be very far. He seeks to delineate a structure, an order, with axes of reference by which each part may be fitted into place. But the Romantic is concerned with the Universe only as it delights, or (more probably) annoys, the Individual; he is not interested in finding the Individual's place because he has a subconscious suspicion that it would not be of flattering prominence. In the Golden Decade the astronomers, the physicists, the chemists, were finding much evidence of order in the universe, even if that order was not fully discernible; but the artists rarely found it and rarely looked for it. Their eyes were turned inward, toward a spectacle of such dazzling brilliance as to pale the attraction of all others.

Even so superficially objective a writer as Mr. Sinclair Lewis is less interested in Gopher Prairie than in his own annoyance at Gopher Prairie. A Classic, confronting Gopher Prairie, would have asked not only, How do I feel about it? but What, after all, is it, and how did it get that way? Mr. Lewis approaches perilously near the Classic attitude in dealing with George F. Babbitt, which may perhaps explain not only why "Babbitt" is still read in our time when "Main Street" has gone to join "The House of Seven Gables," but why "Main Street" sold considerably better than "Babbitt" in the Golden Decade. Mr. John dos Passos, essaying to put a complete account of New York on paper, is able to report how it affects his five senses, especially the olfactory; but when it comes to answering even the primary question of What is it? (without going behind the returns to ask Why is it?) he merely throws up his hands and answers, "It's a mess."

* * *

Even in the Heroic Age, there were cantankerous persons who were unable to accept that as a completely satisfactory explanation.

But with objectivity, standards of reference were also discarded. If I and My Emotions are the only objects worthy of contemplation it becomes necessary (lacking instruments of precision for the measurement of egos, which had not as yet been invented) to take every ego at its own valuation; when all authors are chanting the Song of Myself, the prize must go to the one who sings loudest. And the critics of the Heroic Age were children of their time; they were Romantics too, their souls fared adventurously in a world where all pieces were masterpieces.

The old theory that a critic was a surveyor, who plotted the position of his subject relative to certain fixed points, had gone out of style—partly because certain points, previously regarded as fixed, had perceptibly moved. From this arose the hasty inference that there were no fixed points. Anything was as good as anything else and perhaps better in a formless and perishable universe. This, it will be observed, was a form of Heracleiteanism. Heracleitus, to be sure, was also a sort of Romantic reacting against stereotyped classicism; but it may be doubted if he would have approved of all these early-twentieth-century applications of his doctrine.

However, the view that a man's worth depended on his own assessment certainly effected a tremendous liberation of forces. Like the Elizabethans the men and women of the Golden Decade confronted a new world and they reacted to it with a truly Elizabethan gusto, even if this usually took the inverted form of a gloomy gloating over the emptiness of things. It was an Age of Great Discoveries. Novelist after novelist set forth into unknown seas and came back freighted with strange merchandise. Sherwood Anderson discovered that life is perplexing and that human relationships involve grave difficulties. Sinclair Lewis discovered that narrow-mindedness was painfully prevalent, especially among people who disagreed with him. Joseph Hergesheimer discovered that gentlemen in the later forties are apt to have an itch for sexual variety. Charles G. Norris discovered that you can't have everything and that what you have not seems more desirable than what you have. James Branch Cabell discovered that nothing amounts to much, anyway. And as no one was callous enough to inquire, "What of it?" a good time was had by all.

From novels of the time, one obtains a detailed account of what the men and women of the Heroic Age were like, or rather what they liked to think they were like. They regarded themselves as lecherous, voluble, and ineffectual. But alongside the very reading matter in which they furnish this self-portrayal, the advertising columns tell a different story. The hero of fiction talks continually and never lacks for listeners, even when (as is usual) he is talking about himself. But in real life, if we may believe the advertisements, no man could obtain a hearing at the dinner table unless he were prepared to pass lightly and gracefully from Leonardo da Vinci to the Heliolithic culture and thence to the Dawes Plan; while still more admired in society was he who played the saxophone or Hawaiian guitar instead of trying to talk at all.

An author who identifies himself with his hero and depicts that hero as lacking in industry and persistence rather weakens his argument by embodying it in a laborious novel of 500 closely-printed pages. The heroines of fiction of the Golden Decade fairly crackled with sex appeal; but the millions of dollars spent to advertise deodorants compel the historian to the conclusion that the women of the period must have been unappetizing to say the least, until they had undergone elaborate and costly chemical treatment.

* * *

So one must conclude that the ruthless realists of the Golden Decade in fact sentimentalized themselves heavily; the neo-Byronic movement, like its prototype a century earlier, produced plenty of Byronists but no Byrons. But, as they themselves would have been the first to admit, what they were is of less importance than what they thought they were.

For it is no fair criticism of the Golden Decade to say that little of its product has any interest for posterity. It was not written for posterity but for contemporaneity. Moreover, since Heckwelder's discovery it has been acknowledged that each generation is in its turn posterity. The writers of the Heroic Age, depicting themselves for themselves, may be excused for concluding that that portion of posterity which they themselves at the moment were deserved no less consideration than those installments of posterity which were yet to come.

They were followers of Heracleitus; their motto was "panta rei ouden menei." They were interested in what they were doing and few of them cared much about how they were doing it. Obviously future ages, with no personal interest in the What, would be attracted only to such literature of the Heroic Age as paid some attention to the How; for "panta rei ouden menei" passes the death-sentence on the most admired character types of the period. Future ages would care as little about them as the people of the Golden Decade cared about the heroes of Richard Harding Davis (who also reflected the aspiration, if not the reality, of his time); but with future ages as such the Heroic Age had no concern.

But presently a disquieting fact (which had been obvious enough to Heracleitus) became apparent to his disciples too. "Panta rei ouden menei" applies not only to perceptible phenomena, but to the perceiver; year by year the writers of the Golden Decade were themselves moving forward into future ages, year by year they were becoming their own posterity. They had lived in a three-dimensional world whose points of reference were Myself When Young, My Emotions, and My Contemporaries; but now this compact system was utterly deranged by the intrusion of the fourth dimension, Time, the fourth point of reference, Myself When Older.

Conjecturally, the beginning of the decline and fall of the Great Race may be dated from the moment when Mr. Sinclair Lewis took his stand on a pulpit in Kansas City and challenged God to strike him down. There was silence in Heaven for a space considerably longer than half an hour, and gradually the horrid suspicion spread that Mr. Lewis's interest in God was rather more acute than God's interest in Mr. Lewis. God's position, whatever it may have been before the challenge, was precisely the same thereafter. For the position of Mr. Lewis, not quite so much could be said.

But obviously no change in Lewis's standing could affect the standing of George F. Babbitt and Leora Arrowsmith; there they were and would still be. And this demonstration that a sufficiently competent product might be more durable than its producer undermined the whole metaphysical basis of the Golden Decade. No longer could it be argued that all authors were equally important because they all had egos; no longer was mere declaration of intention sufficient qualification for citizenship in the Republic of Letters. Into the primitive equalitarianism of the Heroic Age there began to creep a class distinction based on durable achievement.

* * *

One can imagine the dismay which must have afflicted the Great Race when it became apparent that the post-war boom was over and the period of deflation had set in. Gifted persons who had wasted their substance in riotous writing argued that the fiat currency had been in circulation so long that its demonetization would work unjustified hardship on many whose only fault had been the taking too seriously of what they read about themselves in book reviews, and would correspondingly enrich others who had laid up a store of sound money through no particular merit, but only because they were built that way. And naturally enough the authors of the United States presently followed the example of the farmers, and besought Congress for legislation which would enable them to continue to earn a return on inflated capitalization.

That they failed was not their fault; a dozen years earlier the constitutional amendment requiring that every writer should be taken as seriously as he took himself would have gone through with little opposition. It was the ill fortune of the authors to arrive too late; the country was becoming a little sick of constitutional amendments and of attempts to repeal the laws of Nature by act of Congress. And so the Golden Decade ended, American literature was reorganized on a more stable basis, and presently the overwhelming majority of the Great Race was forgotten.

It is not necessary to enumerate the works of the period which have survived the erosion of a century; they are familiar to every educated reader. But they may be generally described as the works in which the author not only threw off his auto-erotism and fell in love with his subject, but fell in love sensibly and to practical effect, like the young man who labors to give the object of his affections a suitable and worthy home. The books, in short, in which the author saw not only himself but what he was doing; and what he was doing not only in relation to himself, but in relation to things external and objective which, whatever their transitoriness, were in fact there, or at least somewhere, at the time; so that he depicted not only the Thing-in-Itself but the Thing-in-Its-Inescapable-Relation-to-Other-Things, not least of these other things being the reader who, lacking the author's innate conviction of the importance of his theme, had to be shown.

The Golden Decade was an age of impulses, unconcerned in results; it set great store by startings off but was little interested in conclusions. After a century its impulses are forgotten, its results are all that remain to us. Hence we may underestimate it, but if we do it is the fault of those who lived then, and who cared little where they were going because it was so much fun to be on the way. We may regret that that bright dawn faded so soon, but the Passing of the Great Race was inevitable. Its members succumbed to a disease for which no remedy has yet been discovered.

They grew up.

It is rumored that the Pope is preparing his memoirs for publication, but there is no real verification of the fact, though it is known that he has still in his possession the diaries kept in his earlier years.

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Carl Sandburg

SELECTED POEMS OF CARL SANDBURG. With an Introduction by REBECCA WEST. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1926.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THAT the first Selected Poems of Carl Sandburg should be an English rather than an American product is curious though not unprecedented. Though the book bears the imprint of an American publisher, it is obvious that the collection is British in origin, for Miss Rebecca West is responsible for the editing. And, though no such glossary as accompanied the English debut of Sinclair Lewis is included, Miss West has not only added a set of explanatory Notes to the table of contents, but has furnished a thirteen-page preface which begins by telling the untraveled reader: "There is in America an incredible city named Chicago." One may quarrel with Miss West over occasional details—one may question whether a "wop" might ever be defined as a "Bohemian," and one is disappointed at the omission of "Flash Crimson" and "Helga," two poems that represent the best of Sandburg at both extremes—but in the main her choice as well as her reticence is admirable. The first half of Miss West's preface is one of the most balanced appraisals of the Middle West that any foreigner, or, for that matter, any native has written. There are passages, indeed, that might have appeared not in the preface but (except for a slight difference of idiom) among the poems.

But Miss West's chief service is to emphasize more effectually than any local critic the strangeness not only of the country which Sandburg inhabits but the strange language he has evolved to express it. Queerly enough, it is here that Miss West, in common with most of the critics, makes her one serious error. She assumes that Sandburg's racy speech is actually the *patois* of America, that his is the undiluted "stuff of the streets" reproduced in peculiarly spaced lines. Strength is given this conclusion by the presence of such grotesque gutter hieroglyphics as "bunkshooter," "con men," "fake passes," "a bum on the bumpers," "dockwalloper," "honky tonk," floozies," "yen," "mazuma," "cahoots" ("cohoots" in the English edition), "leatherneck," "slimpsy," "flooey," "sbyzch." Yet Sandburg is no more lavish or undiscriminating in his use of slang than was Synge in his employment of the conversation of the Aran peasants. Both poets "rendered" their borrowings, mingled them in an utterance unlike any ever heard in the streets, and gave back a language which, without distorting the tones of talk, was speech somehow intensified and lifted.

Criticism of Sandburg's linguistics must go deeper. As a phrasemaker his weakness is not an extension of the terms he has found waiting for him in the steel-mill, the police court, the gabble of home-going crowds, but in the very amplification —and attenuation—of his own gnomic idiom. This cryptic manner, scarcely discernible in the early Chicago Poems, has been growing on Sandburg until one begins to fear the assumption of a mannerism. The end of the Washington Monument poem and several of the shorter pieces in "Slabs of the Sunburnt West" are cases in point. Miss West has wisely omitted these (as well as the sentimental tributes to Kubelik and Macdowell), but there is, nevertheless, an undue reliance on "mist forms," "moon riders," "hazes," "weavers of shadows." Perhaps these whispered abstractions are the natural antitheses of the "stormy, husky, brawling" passions that so often led the poet to talk a little above the top of his voice. Perhaps he finds it difficult to distinguish between clarified mysticism and the mere muttering of the subconscious. Miss West presents us with at least one of these combinations of slang and mixed metaphysics—and allows the reader to supply his own commentary.

TWO HUMPTIES

They tried to hand it to us on a platter,
Us hit in the eyes with marconigrams from moon dancers—
And the bubble busted, went flooey, on a thumb touch.

So this time again, Humpty,
We cork our laughs behind solemn phizzogs,
Sweep the floor with the rim of our hats
And say good-a-bye and godd-a-bye, just like that.

Tomorrow maybe they will be hit
In the eyes with marconigrams from moon dancers.
Good-a-bye, our hats and all of us say good-a-bye.

But these vagaries of fancy, these unhappy juxtapositions of the wild thing heard and the wilder thing imagined, are infrequent. Disagreeing flatly with Conrad Aiken, I find Sandburg far more important in the mass than in detail. If none of the four separate volumes had drawn our attention to anything but the power of his line and the daring of his dissonances, this selection would establish him immediately not only as the laureate of industrial America, but a pioneer-poet whose individual poems are fragments of a wandering yet somehow unified saga. There is a breadth of emotion in the smallest of the fragments; an amplitude, recognizably American in range, which joins skyscrapers and river roads, alley rats and the Grand Canyon, Mrs. Giovannitti picking onions at five-thirty in the morning, and Billy Sunday tearing his shirt in a calculated hysteria, a hurdy-gurdy racketting on Eleventh Street, and a concertina under apple trees "stuttering to the western stars, 'Excuse me. . . .'"

For all the encomiums here and abroad, insufficient justice has been done Sandburg as a craftsman. His long and intricate rhythms sounding the depths between the surface of prose and the basis of poetry are, in spite of occasional failures, masterly. Miss West, one of the few to recognize the music beneath the cacophony, suggests that much of his poetry is based on the technique of the banjo, very much as Manuel de Falla's music is based on the technique of the guitar. Entertaining as this speculation may be (Sandburg's own instrument is, in point of fact, a guitar), Sandburg's metric (if so loose an outpouring can be reduced to a form) is based on the Mid-Western tone of voice as it has been affected by the machine. Here are the rhythms of engines and traffic, the propulsions of a motor-driven civilization rendered in the slow, searching accents of Illinois. Here are illuminations which no other corner of the world could have produced, phrases which are as memorable—and indigenous—as: "The past is a bucket of ashes." "Good night: it is scribbled on the panels of the desert." "Tell me if any get more than the lovers in the dust . . . in the cool tombs." "You may put the damper up, you may put the damper down, the smoke goes up the chimney just the same." "I am the grass; let me work."

Jacket illustration for "Beaumont and Fletcher on the Restoration Stage," by Arthur Colby Sprague. (Harvard University Press)

How much Sandburg has developed may be seen from a comparison of the early "Chicago" (which established him in 1915) and its far richer sequel "The Windy City" (1923). The attack is softer but more certain, the syncopated sections are more integrated than in the panoramic "Prairie," the *finale* is conclusive rather than effective. Whether Sandburg will ever completely reconcile slang and mysticism is a pretty but scarcely an important question. One need not be unduly concerned with Sandburg's future. These "Selected Poems" contain a great part of it.

Chronicles of China

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF CHINA. By HERBERT H. GOWEN and JOSEF WASHINGTON HALL. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by CHARLES C. BATCHELDER

AN almost impossible task has been achieved by the authors in making really interesting the dim chronicles of ancient China, as well as the exciting story of the last few years, when Bolshevik and Briton struggled for the control of the immediate future of one of the greatest countries on the globe, with the largest population and enormous resources. This has been accomplished by the skilful selection of the important and striking events. The periods from the early ages down to the fall of the Manchus have been covered by Dr. Gowen, who has an established reputation for accuracy and impartiality. He has succeeded in giving a most sympathetic interpretation of a culture, different in many ways from ours, yet providing many useful lessons, such as the results of the price-fixing and state management of commerce, industry, and agriculture of the Socialist minister, Wang An-shih. Perhaps a little more stress might have been laid upon poetry, painting, and other arts.

Most accounts of the early clashes between China and the traders of the Occident are extremely partisan, but the facts are impartially presented here even in regard to the "Opium War," which often occasions much invective against British merchants. In spite of the fact that the book is called an "Outline," it is, perhaps, one of the most reliable and useful which has been written on the subject. The reader is apt to be astonished that it has been possible to include so much in such small space, without causing the dulness almost inseparable from condensation.

It is to be regretted that the same impartiality has not been adopted by Mr. Hall in his account of modern times. In many cases he takes the attitude of an adroit counsel for the prosecution, especially in regard to the opium question, President Yuan Shih-k'ai, and the policy of the Japanese. Usually he confines himself to suppressing one side, or exaggerating the other, but in a few instances he gives as a fact what was merely suspicion or rumor. This is particularly true in his accounts of Japanese activities. He practically omits the struggle of Yuan Shih-k'ai with the corrupt, selfish, and incompetent Parliament, and glosses over the political errors and personal conduct of the visionary doctrinaires to whom the chaos in China is so largely due. He quite misrepresents the motives, policies, and achievements of the International Bankers' Consortium, which has succeeded in protecting the Chinese people from enormous foreign loans, which would have been diverted to their own use by the oppressive militarists. The most serious omission, however, is the effect of the industrial revolution on China and the way in which the inconceivable poverty of the masses and other economic forces are so largely responsible for the present situation. He overestimates the comprehension of the Chinese people of the issues involved in the "rights recovery movement," and the permanent results of the "literary renaissance" and the "mass education movement."

On many other points there is room for genuine difference of opinion, and Mr. Hall is most optimistic about the character, motives, and prospects of the leaders of "Young China," except in the case of individuals against whom he is prejudiced, like "the Christian General."

This tendency toward emotional bias is more to be regretted, because the narrative is so extremely readable, entertaining, and comprehensive and brings the story to the autumn of 1926. In many respects it is the best account available, and is written from an intimate, personal knowledge of the events which were taking place around him. The historical statements are almost always reliable, but one has to be on guard against the use of adjectives and interpretative phrases, as well as definite conclusions.

No one who really wishes to understand the Chinese question can afford not to give the most careful consideration to the points of view which Mr. Hall presents so ably and in such pleasing form, and many chapters are admirable in every way.

A small, but well selected bibliography, an index, and a map add to the usefulness of a volume which is readable throughout and is not merely a book of reference.

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Social Satire

THE SACRED GIRAFFE. By SALVATOR DE MADARIAGA. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

THE critical vocabulary of the English language is inadequate. Here is a familiar species, which seems to have no name, or at least none comes to my mind—an imaginary narrative or description through which one makes more or less satirical or denunciatory, at any rate purposive, references to present day society. One may generalize the idea to include Hebrew apocalypses, Dante's Purgatorio, or the stories of James Branch Cabell; more nervously one thinks of Gulliver's Travels and "Erewhon." Mr. de Madariaga's intentions are less concentrated and continuous than were Swift's or Butler's. But there is probably more meaning in the "Sacred Giraffe" than appears from a hasty reading.

The scene is laid in Africa, in the year 6922, in the land of Ebony. The Ebonites are blacks. Feminism has gone so far that the sexes have exchanged all their characteristics and functions except the reproductive. A homonistic movement has begun, and conservatives are arguing that, nature having intended man for the home and woman for the forum and market, hominism is unnatural if not immoral. European civilization perished so long before that only archæological fragments remain, for Ebonite scholars to dig up and write speculative theses on.

According to Ebonite tradition the race sprang from a certain Queen Eb who originally lived in the moon; until a giraffe, peculiarly gifted, once conceived the idea that the moon was a luscious golden fruit, and desired it so persistently that her neck (on strictly Lamarckian principles) became long enough to reach it. The only really important result was that Queen Eb slid down the giraffe's neck to the earth. The effect of the earth upon her was to suggest the immediate necessity of a husband—there being that difference between lunar and terrestrial suggestion—but there was no husband to be had. By the aid of a dream, however, the difficulty was solved in a manner somewhat mystical and recondit—but still it was solved. The Ebonites were then descended from Queen Eb and a palm tree.

Queen Eb II married an unpopular foreigner, and in this reign an insurrection broke out because of the attempt to tax the lower classes. Paying taxes was a privilege of the upper classes who were jealous of their rights. It was primarily an upper class insurrection. In the course of it the palace took fire and the dynasty was burned up. Hence, sovereignity having passed into fire, it was decided to regard it as resident there. The fire was made perpetual. Ebony became an Ignitional Monarchy.

In an Ignitional Monarchy the actual government is elective, and the election is as follows. There were two parties in Ebony, the Greens and the Yellows, and the election was a fuel competition between the two; the party won which succeeded in making the dynastic fire burn its party color. Near the close of the story comes an election in which an astute politician named Swevala started a coalition. By a chemical trick she made the fire burn part green and part yellow, and thus became Prime Ministress.

The story ends with an account of a treaty between the Kingdoms of Ebony and Assinia, regarding their spheres of influence over the land of Lybia which lay between them. It was a model of negotiation. War was already imminent, when the Assinian Envoy sought an interview with the Ebonite Prime-Ministress.

Madam, the object of my visit is to suggest a definite solution of the Lybian question.

Madam, the sharpness of your nose (Ebonite idiom meaning your acute intelligence) is a guarantee of success.

Madam, your nose is not a whit flatter than mine, and it will penetrate the wisdom of my proposal.

Madam, my neck lengthens to hear it (Ebonite idiom meaning: I yearn, I am eager, derived from the Sacred Giraffe legend).

Madam, I suggest we divide the territory of the Lybian queendom.

Madam, I accept the principle while expressing most earnest reservations as to the modalities of its application.

Madam, I note your reservations and suggest as the first modality the river Glo to be the frontier.

Madam, I accept the principle of your first modality while expressing most earnest reservations as to the remaining modalities.

Madam, I suggest that since the frontiers are approved in principle the remaining modalities be left to take care of themselves.

Madam, as an earnest of my conciliatory spirit, I drop my reservations.

Madam, I declare myself deeply touched by that proof of statesmanship.

Madam, as our agreement has come somewhat too quickly, I suggest that we start *pro forma* negotiations in order to uphold the diplomatic tradition.

Madam, I accept your proposal. My people have been given a terrible impulse by our Shout (the *viva voce* Press) and we shall need several weeks in order to put the brake on.

Madam, I suggest the negotiations last one month.

Madam, I accept without reservations."

The eventual treaty solemnly asserted the independence of Lybia, and pledged the respective governments of Ebony and Assinia to maintain that independence each up to the frontier so determined.

The book is too wordy, and lengthened by means of a love story conceived so much on the lines of stale magazine fiction that even the reversal of sexes fails to illuminate it. In order to approach the achievement of Butler—so say nothing of Swift—there needs more felicitous and pointed detail on the society and politics of Ebony, more unexpected and poisoned arrows shot out of ambush at the past and present of the world we live in, which nearly always enjoys such veiled and venomous attack. Mr. de Madariaga is clever and inventive. There are customs and institutions of Ebony as good as, or better than, those which have been described. But there are too many pages, or chapters, not worth writing, and not quite enough of the kind of thing that is after all the motive of the work.

Modern Painting

EVOLUTION IN MODERN ART. By FRANK RUTTER. New York: Lincoln McVeagh: The Dial Press. 1926.

Reviewed by ALFRED H. BARR, JR.
Wellesley College

WE who would write on Evolution must know something of ancestors—especially when the subject is modern art which in so many of its phases is atavistic. We are not convinced of Mr. Rutter's understanding when we read that "from the time of Giotto the main development of European painting was in the direction of more perfect presentation of the forms which nature produces till the painter was brought to a full stop in the nineteenth century by the invention of photography." Such a generalization while it prepares a comfortable vestibule to Post-Impressionism ignores entirely the primary contribution of the Italian Renaissance to the tradition of Western painting, namely the mastery of the problems of composition. The most perfect mirroring of appearances sprang fully developed from the meticulous brush of John Van Eyck shortly after 1400. His ideal which now seems photographic was a point of departure rather than a goal for most painting of importance down to the end of the eighteenth century.

Mr. Rutter betrays himself when he bids us "compare the Rape of Helen by Benozzo Gozzoli with the Rape of the Sabine Women by Rubens and then ponder on the relation between beauty and realism." Had he said "between naïve prettiness and the supremely dramatic composition of form and color" we could follow him with more confidence through modern painting. For to imply in this way that the great masters of the sixteenth century and of the Baroque were guided by a canon of naturalistic imitation is to minimize and obscure the greatest achievements of European art.

In the nineteenth century the author confines himself to Impressionism which we are warned is "not the result of myopia, astigmatism, or blurred vision." Such admonition may not be wasted on English readers but the subsequent labored analysis of optical phenomena does in no way reconcile us to the complete omission of Ingres, Daumier, Courbet, nor to the merely casual mention of Delacroix, Manet, Degas, and Renoir. Without a careful study of these masters any grasp of the *evolution* of modern painting is impossible.

Post-Impressionism is approached as a repudiation of Impressionism, and the imitative tradition in favor of a return to the primitive in emotional expression and in pattern. While this is partially true the movements following Impressionism included an almost desperate attempt to recover the principles of High Renaissance and Baroque composition. Cézanne turned to Poussin and Tintoret, Renoir to Boucher and Rubens. Picasso, Derain, Lhôte, Friez are indebted to Raphael and Greco more than to Giotto or negro sculpture. The author is probably not ignorant of this. Indeed he calls his last chapter "The Triumph of Design." But excepting quotations from the Oxford dictionary and Robert Louis Stevenson he makes little effort to explain what is meant by *pictorial* design, knowledge of which can scarcely be expected of the tyro for whom the volume is evidently written. The chapter on Cubism though it is mainly a digest of theory and criticism by Gleizes and Jan Gordon is the most complete discussion of the subject in English and is admirably illustrated. Italian Futurism is adequately and wittily handled, but post-war German Expressionism, the most vital of contemporary movements, has apparently not come to the author's attention.

Mr. Rutter is a romanticist. He insists continually upon the right of the artist to cultivate his own eccentricity. He even repeats the thread-bare myth that "in the history of art each fresh advance in painting has been heralded by an outburst of invective against the innovator." Such a statement is true only of the last hundred years during which advanced painters have customarily goaded or ignored the public. Yet in spite of this divorce between artist and public the author develops the thesis that modern painting is a "complete index" to recent European thought. For instance, at the end of the chapter on Impressionism we find a super-Spenglerian analogy between Landseer's sentimental animals and Darwinian evolution. The popularity of Queen Victoria's favorite painter may have been an indication of a decline in taste but scarcely of "The Descent of Man." Further on we read: "However different Post-Impressionist pictures may be in other respects nearly all have one quality in common, and that is *violence*," and in this violence the author sees what was a prophecy of war. Kandinsky and the Futurists may vaguely have felt the pulse of Europe, but how could the author looking at the pre-war pictures of the sober Derain, of Matisse playing with new color harmonies, of Picasso at once pensive and analytic—how could he call them violent? He confuses violence with what is merely eccentricity and novelty. His romantic bias apparently prevents his discerning the classical and profoundly intellectual spirit which underlies so much recent art.

Errors of fact are few. It is implied that Orcagna preceded Taddeo Gaddi, and that Marquet learned from Matisse rather than *vice versa*. But specific errors—even curiosities—of æsthetic and critical judgment seem frequent. "Art" we are told, "offers two pleasures: the pleasure of recognition the pleasure of surprise." Rodin's Balzac is "the counterpart in art of Huxley's agnosticism." Van Gogh's "tower of strength was in his illumination." "Seurat—gave a literal transcript of nature in most of his pointillist pictures." Occasionally there are brilliant phrases: "the wax works of Bouguereau," "the elegant ghosts of Whistler."

By and large the book will be found temporarily useful for its chapters on Cubism and English Post-Impression. It is, however, too replete with specious generalization, and too omissive of fundamentals to be trustworthy as an introduction to modern painting. Recent essays in the same field by Barnes, Cox, Pearson, Wright, Cheney are rather to be recommended. Fortunately Geoffrey Scott, Roger Fry, and I. A. Richards continue to compensate us for the body of British art criticism.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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The Irony of Life

SUTTER'S GOLD. By BLAISE CENDRARS. Translated from the French by Henry Longan Stuart. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by M. R. WERNER

THE romantic mind of a French poet has conceived a superb book concerning the Swiss adventurer who was the first enthusiast for California, and who ended his days at Washington as a penniless petitioner for his rights. Blaise Cendrar's "L'Or," carefully and intelligently translated by Henry Longan Stuart, is one of the most fascinating biographical studies that has been published since Lytton Strachey published his "Eminent Victorians."

The author of that extraordinary poem, "Le Panama ou les Aventures des Mes Septs Oncles," has found a large outlet for his keen poetic imagination in the ironic story of Johann August Sutter. Unfortunately for the sense of the dramatic with which M. Cendrars is so powerfully endowed, the facts are sometimes somewhat different from those he presents concerning Captain Sutter, but the liberties he has taken for the sake of coloring are minor liberties. His scene in which Sutter's wife, after the perilous journey in 1848 from France to California via Panama, drops dramatically dead at the feet of her millionaire husband at the moment of her arrival at his hacienda is less stirring when one discovers from other accounts of Sutter that Madame Sutter lived to go to General Sutter's funeral. And the assurance with which Mr. Cendrars burns alive Sutter's sons in the fire that the mob started to destroy his property seems somewhat excessive when it is a fact that J. A. Sutter, Jr., for one, was for many years United States Consul at Acapulco, Mexico, and lived to produce many grandchildren, in whom the General is alleged by another biographer to have taken a great interest.

* * *

Johann August Sutter, who was born in the Grand-Duchy of Baden of Swiss parentage in 1803, left his wife and four children in Switzerland in 1834, managed to get to Paris without starving, where Cendrars has him forge a letter of credit with which to make his way from Havre to New York by the new steamer, *Esperance*.

In the New York of 1834 Sutter is alleged to have earned his living as a runner among immigrants for an innkeeper, messenger, packer, and bookkeeper for Hegelstroem, the inventor of Swedish matches, as draper's, druggist's, delicatessen keeper's assistant, as Rumanian peddler's partner, and as ringmaster in a circus, blacksmith, dentist, and taxidermist. Cendrars gives sundry other picturesque occupations too numerous to mention. But New York could not hold Sutter, for he had already heard of the opportunities in the great West, and he was soon afterwards a farmer on fertile land at the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers. But this was the terminus for all stories of the greater, farther West which were brought back by those few men who had seen or heard of its wonders, and Sutter sold his farm to join a company of traders who were going West.

Before he could reach California Sutter had to go to Vancouver and the Sandwich Islands, but he did not lose time, for his dream of dominion had already formed in his mind, and, being a practical man he made arrangements in Honolulu for shanghaiing bands of Kanakas, who were to labor on his lands.

The prosperity of the Franciscan missions of California was beginning to decline when Sutter arrived. He established himself in the valley of the Sacramento with his first shipment of Kanakas and nineteen well-armed white men. Governor Alvarado, the Mexican Governor of California, granted a temporary concession of all the land he required. Sutter's labor was efficient under his capable management, and California was amazingly fertile. He was able to manipulate his sympathies in such a way that he was friend of all the factions then fighting for control of California, and he received from the Mexicans additional grants of land, expressed in the picturesque, but fortunately indefinite phrase, "twelve hours square." His settlement was known as New Helvetia. Cendrars imagines this scene meeting the eye of Captain Fremont when he visited California:

> Countless herds of pedigree cattle were at pasture in the meadows. The orchards were loaded with fruit. In the truck gardens, vegetables of the Old World grew side by side with those of tropical countries. Wells and irrigation ditches were everywhere. The Kanaka villages were neat and orderly. Everyone was at work. Alleys of magnolias, palms, banana, and orange trees traversed the cultivated area, converging toward the settlement. The walls of the hacienda almost disappeared under climbing roses, geraniums, and bougainvilleas. The great door of the master's house was shaded by a curtain of sweet-smelling jasmine.
>
> The table was splendidly set; *hors d'œuvres;* trout and salmon from near-by brooks; ham, roasted *a l'ecossaise;* wood-pigeons; haunch of venison, bear's paws; smoked tongue; suckling-pig stuffed with mincemeat and powdered with tapioca; green vegetables, cabbage palms, and salads of crocodile pears; every variety of fruit, fresh and candied; mountains of pastry. The viands were washed down with Rhine wine and certain old bottles from noted French cellars which had been carried, with infinite precautions against breakage, from the other side of the world.
>
> The guests were served by young women from the Sandwich Isles or half-caste Indian girls, who came and went with imperturbable gravity, carrying each course enveloped in linen napkins of dazzling whiteness. A Hawaiian orchestra played throughout the meal, rendering the "Berne March" with a drum accompaniment upon the skin of its guitars, or imitating the trumpet music of the "Marseillaise" by sonorous chords drawn upon their strings. The table was laid with ancient Spanish silver, massive, graceless, and stamped with the royal arms.
>
> Sutter presided, surrounded by his partners. Among the guests was the governor, Alvarado.

Sutter was one of the richest men in America in 1847, and Cendrars imagines him sending for his three sons and his daughter, even for his wife, and also for a grand piano from Pleyel in Paris. Then James W. Marshall, one of Sutter's workmen discovered gold on Sutter's land. Sutter knew what would happen, but he was powerless to stop the avalanche of fortune hunting that was going to wreck his own fortunes. Unlike Brigham Young, he could not keep his followers from digging for gold by promises of riches in the world to come and threats of damnation if they disobeyed. Presently, in Sutter's own sentence, "All were washing for gold, which they exchanged for liquor." This is the picture of Sutter's estate given by Colonel Masson, the new American governor, on July 3, 1848, six months after Marshall found the first nugget:

> On July 3d we arrived at Fort Sutter. The mills were standing idle. Immense droves of oxen and horses had broken through the fences and were eating the standing corn and maize. The barns were falling into ruin and the smell from them was very offensive. At the fort itself we observed much activity. Barges and pinnaces were discharging and taking on a great quantity of merchandise. Convoys of covered wagons were parked round the walls. Others were coming and going. For the smallest room one hundred dollars a month is paid. For a miserable cottage with one floor, five hundred dollars. Sutter's blacksmith, and farrier, who are still with him, earn fifty dollars a day. For five miles round, the sides of the hills are white with tents. The country swarms with people. All are busy washing for gold.

* * *

All of these people who were washing for gold were using Sutter's land, and all of Sutter's laborers were washing for gold. A Sutterville, Sutter's Creek, and Sutter County sprang up, but Sutter himself was ruined. His name became world famous, but it was no longer good for unlimited credits in Paris and London and New York. There was no law in California except that which told each man to grasp what he could get. However, Sutter decided to start his suit, "a lawsuit that stirred California to its depths and which even put the existence of the newly formed state in peril." Sutter claimed all the land in which the cities of San Francisco, Venicia, Sacramento, and Riovista are located. He estimated their value at $200,000,000. He also demanded damages from 17,221 individuals who had trampled on his property in their search for gold. He also asked $25,000,000 from the state of California for confiscating his property for roads, bridges, and other public works. He also demanded an indemnity of $50,000,000 from the federal government because it had failed to protect his rights and his royalties in the gold that had been minted already. And the inhabitants of San Francisco retaliated by burning down the offices of Sutter's son, Emile, where the deeds from Governors Alvaredo and Michel-Torena were guarded. Then Captain Sutter was honored above all men by the same inhabitants at the celebration of the fifth anniversary of the founding of San Francisco. They even made him a general. The orator of the day, the Mayor, remarked in the peroration of his speech:

> In days to come, gentlemen, when the state that is our home has become one of the greatest and most powerful countries in the world, and when the historian of the future seeks to trace its origin and foundation back through the misery and privations of its early beginnings, and to recount the epic beginnings of the fight for liberty in the great West, one name will outshine all others—the name of our distinguished guest—the immortal SUTTER! (Loud and prolonged applause.)

The following spring Judge Thompson of the highest court in the state decided that Sutter was the rightful owner of "the immense teritories on which so many towns and villages have been built." And in answer to this decision the inhabitants of San Francisco decided that it was time to burn down The Hermitage, Sutter's home, and all his remaining workshops, saw-mills, and factories. They also hanged Sutter's Kanakas, Indians, and Chinese.

The rest of his life Sutter spent in a persistent He was granted a pension of $3,000 a year by the state of California. He became a member of a German communist sect, the Herrenhutters, and he paid considerable attention to the Book of Revelations. This is Cendrars's image of Sutter's interpretation of that Book:

> The Great Harlot who was given birth upon the Sea is Christopher Columbus, discovering America.
>
> The Angels and the Stars of St. John are in the American flag. With California, a new star, the Star of Absinthe, has been added.
>
> Anti-Christ is Gold. . . .

Johann August Sutter was seventy-three years old when he died in the city of Washington.

Guy De Maupassant

THE LIFE, WORK AND EVIL FATE OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT. By ROBERT HARBOROUGH SHERARD. New York: Brentano's. 1926. $4.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

TWENTY-ONE years ago Mr. Sherard, friend and biographer of Oscar Wilde, declared that he had abandoned the idea of writing a life of Maupassant because "it would be difficult to find any public in England for a book about a French novelist who was first introduced into England through the agency of the Holywell Street booksellers." The street in question contradicted its name by being given over largely to the sale of works pornographic, or allegedly so, and, until very recently, so strong were its associations with Maupassant, that no English publisher could be induced to issue a collected edition of Maupassant's works. Even now, when there is such an edition in course of publication, it is, unlike the American translation, bowdlerized, and Mr. Sherard's life, issued by the same publisher in connection with that edition, is appropriately packed with euphemisms and the innuendoes of false modesty.

To begin with Mr. Sherard has changed his mind as to the reason for his not writing the book before. Now he tells us "it was about forty years ago that I first projected writing a book on Guy de Maupassant and indeed had come to some sort of arrangement about such a work at a luncheon with John Lane at the Café Royal. I am glad now that I did not carry that intention into effect at the time, seeing in what utter darkness one must perforce have approached the subject." Later on, after Maupassant's death, Mr. Sherard continues, "it was proposed to me by the late Hugues Rebell . . . that we should do a book on Maupassant together," and the proposal "would under other circumstances have been welcomed, but at that time I was writhing under the whip of Fate at the downfall and destruction of a greatly beloved friend, had tossed my quill to the winds, and was contemplating La Trappe or at least Corbara in Corsica, under Father Didon."

From this it would appear that John Lane was not afraid of the Holywell Street reputation of Maupassant, and that, in 1895, or thereabouts, Mr. Sherard would have collaborated with Hugues Rebell, had he not been deeply upset by the downfall of Oscar Wilde. However, last year, when a statue to Maupassant was inaugurated in the park of his birthplace, Miromesnil, Mr. Sherard was one of those who spoke, and a conversation with Senator A. de Monzie, who has given us the fullest record of Maupassant's life as a Civil Servant, decided him to carry out the long deferred project. "Since that day until this the book has been my sole preoccupation, and I may conscientiously declare that I have given to it what powers life's batterings of body and brain have left me in the depths of disillusionment."

If I have quoted Mr. Sherard several times in explanation of the genesis of "The Life, Work and Evil Fate of Guy de Maupassant (*Gentilhomme de Lettres*)," my intention was in part to allow the reader to get a foretaste of the high-strung, melodramatic style in which the book, from its title to its peroration, is written. The preface is dated, in a strange hybrid of French and English, 2nd Germinal, An. 134—which is far from reassuring.

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Then for no less than two chapters we are treated to an account of Adrienne Legay, the original of Boule-de-Suif, in the following manner:

> Her aimless ramble through the Charrettes quartier would take her up the mediæval rue Frigori into the rue des Carmes, and after a few slouching steps she would be brought up gasping by the sight of the cathedral, upon which one never comes without the leaping of one's heart and a great sigh of amazed delight. Then past Fardeau Street—aye, a heavy fardel hers—and then along the street of the great clock, the clock which has been marking heavy hours for centuries past. Under the arch, where Christ is seen, the Good Shepherd among His sheep, and round by the little rue des Vergetiers, and then down the street of the Cordeliers which once was full of convents, and is so still, if one gives to the word convent the signification that Lafontaine gives it. Here to the right and to the left matrons leer and beckon, but not to Legay women. The staleness of sin! . . . .

In this exacerbating style we are asked to contemplate the return home of a Rouen street-walker, who is "brought up gasping" by the sight of the most familiar building of her native town,— all this for no reason except that she once suggested a story to Maupassant.

Maupassant's "Evil Fate" was his gradual insanity, culminating in general paralysis of the insane, and death. Mr. Sherard's method of conveying this simple fact is to talk about a mysterious Something which he calls "the Monster of infinitesimal size, but Himalayan mischief," "the Hidden Evil," "the Great Distress," and so forth, until he utters the word "sifilide" on page 205. Even then, Italian is too abrupt for him, so he turns the page and in four lines of German tells the truth. Indeed, at this point his concern for the proprieties becomes such that he insists on mentioning what he thinks unmentionable and then retreats to winks and leers. Thus, referring to Maupassant's obscenity, he insists that "most literary folk get rid of this perilous stuff in some work anonymous, or otherwise," forgetting that this is precisely what Maupassant did in a novel, pseudonymously published, and in certain poems, and then Mr. Sherard adds: "is it not recorded that the great George Sand collaborated with Alfred de Musset on a book which . . . well, well, well." The adolescent giggle of such modesty is rather distressing.

Mr. Sherard knew Maupassant during the time when he lived in Paris, the years from 1885 to 1895, of which he has given us the rambling chronicle in "Twenty Years in Paris." Of his first hand acquaintance with the city at that time, when Maupassant's fame was at its height, I can find no trace in this biography. In fact, meagre as is the biographical literature on Maupassant, this bulky book adds nothing to it. Biographers of Maupassant have always been frightened away by the rareness of authentic documents and the refusal of those who controlled such documents to give access to them. The result has been that for many years Edouard Maynial's book was the standard "official" life. The valet François threw an uncertain light on the subject, and the rest was silence, save for Pol Neveux's excellent sketch in the Conrad edition of Maupassant, until a popular handbook appeared in Paris a few months ago. Mr. Sherard takes the conventional view of Maupassant's writings, and is as uncritical as Maynial, while his account of the life is marred by a lack of humor and clear thinking which, despite the difficulties, will enable the biographer who has his wits about him to arrive at a true picture of the tragic situation in which Maupassant found himself.

In the absence of any original material, or any expression of a personal point of view in his treatment of the subject, Mr. Sherard has produced a number of details and references which are apocryphal and often irrelevant. Maupassant had a phobia against allowing himself and his surroundings to be photographed. But Mr. Sherard has contrived to supply quantities of illustrations by such devices as showing us the house in Rouen where Adrienne Legay committed suicide, the portrait of a Madame Feutry "who remembers the birth of Maupassant in 1850," and pictures of typical Norman farms, streets in Rouen mentioned in the stories. He even shows us the "scene where Guy saved Swinburne from drowning" at Etretat, although Maupassant did not save Swinburne from drowning, and never claimed to have done so.

One wonders how long it is since Mr. Sherard, who is so emphatic in his praise of Maupassant's writings, has read them. " 'Mademoiselle Fifi' herself is, of course, an outcast woman," he writes, when we know that the heroine of that story is Rachel, while "Mlle. Fifi" is the nickname of the Prussian officer whom she kills. He declares that Maupassant never left a woman, or rather, he vouches for that statement of Maupassant about himself, yet he quotes François as describing how Maupassant kicked out his fervent lady friends when he got tired of them, and he ignores the repeated statements in all his writings which are a reiterated denial of the fact which Mr. Sherard so unnecessarily tries to establish. Another peculiarity of this work is that in almost every word where a *grave* accent should occur, an acute accent is printed,—so often that it becomes an eyesore. Over here, I imagine, as has already happened in England, Maupassant's literate admirers will be sadly disappointed that Mr. Sherard did not collaborate with Hugues Rebell thirty years ago.

Contemporary New York

STEPCHILD OF THE MOON. By FULTON OURSLER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL
Brown University

IT is not likely that Mr. Oursler will ever be a thoroughly first-class novelist. In "Stepchild of the Moon," his third and most recent novel, his technique is uncertain, his judgment about as likely to be wrong as right. After we have read through to the last page we must be allowed a moment to regret that Mr. Oursler has evidently no power to criticize his own work. The enthusiasm which surely accompanied the writing of each chapter is not continuously communicated to us; too often he chases wildly up blind alleys of emotion or character, too often he attempts what is for him impossible, and fills scores of pages with his tedious strivings. Yet we need not grieve deeply, for the novel has much value as entertainment, and considerable significance as a comment upon contemporary New York. It is usually written effectively, although in Mr. Oursler's vocabulary there is a regrettable tendency towards strangeness and the unfamiliar.

* * *

A good deal of fruitless emphasis is laid upon the idea of these stepchildren of the moon and their relation to life. According to Mr. Oursler, "they know beauty when they see it but they cannot make beauty . . . nothing is ever quite right with them . . . they have big eyes and big ears, and that is all . . . they can watch and they can listen while the moon's children [the artists] play!" Probably the novel was intended for a tragic history of such a man and such a woman; indeed there is a valiant effort to make us sympathize with the the struggles of the couple to form a life of "beautiful memories," their only hope for happiness inasmuch as they could not create actual, present beauty. But Mr. Oursler's narrative ran away from him to such an extent that the reader's interest is centered in the genuinely dramatic struggle of a second wife against her jealousy of the dead first wife, a senseless jealousy, to be sure, but yet the most vivid emotion in the novel. The making-of-beautiful-memories theme is further forced into the background by a secondary plot wherein appears Ducarel, the most virile character in the book. All in all, the author's effort to make us suffer with Florence and Walter on account of their frustrated yearnings is defeated by the comparative brilliance of the rest of the novel; we are held by the elements that were planned to be merely secondary. Small wonder, therefore, that the book seems undisciplined.

* * *

When we come to enumerate the merits of "Stepchild of the Moon," however, we are abundantly supplied with material. First of all there is the character of Walter Fairchild; he is the advertising man "who makes fifty thousand a year with his fountain pen," but he is a child so far as the real world goes. When, on one side, Florence awakens his love, and, on the other, Ducarel tries to force into his mind the intellectual concepts of 1926, there is the tragedy of emotional and mental atrophy resisting an influx of life. The portrait is far-reaching, for it is a splendidly satiric treatment of "creative selling," and it has as its background the real New York, noisy, pretentious, and, to a delicate mind, bewildering. Hardly less penetrating is the study of Florence Wendell's jealousy of Caroline, the dead woman, when all about her there are relics and impressions of the earlier marriage; in fact, Walter's devotion to the child of that marriage is Florence's final, unbearable humiliation, and precipitates the novel's catastrophe. These two characters are the logical focal points of the narrative, but in the person of Ducarel, vaudeville magician extraordinary (a grotesque fragrantly reminiscent of Ben Hecht), many readers will find their chief enjoyment. Though Ducarel is impossibly theatrical, we are convinced of his existence and wish that he had more often been essential to the progress of the plot.

The novel is too long; it sprawls; it has arrogant faults, not all of which have been mentioned here. But it should be read for its virtues, and by them it should for the most part be judged. If the reader is thus patient and charitable he will not regret having spent the necessary hours; he will remember "Stepchild of the Moon" for many months as a fresh, biting, and frequently excellent performance.

An Engaging Fable

FLATLANDS: A ROMANCE OF MANY DIMENSIONS. By A. SQUARE (EDWIN ABBOTT). Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1926. $1.50.

Reviewed by FRANK V. MORLEY

DR. ABBOTT was out for fun when he wrote his friendly little geometrical romance, and it is good to see that the old wine is no worse for its new bottle. It is still a pleasant tonic, and an excellent stimulant for boys. Hitherto, only a few have enjoyed Flatland. It is now a pleasure in store for many.

Yet there is oddity in its reappearance at this time. The obvious reason for republishing is that in recent years we have waked up to the importance of what is loosely called "the" fourth dimension. An ingenious and easy narrative, introducing a fourth dimension by simple geometrical analogy, putting its eye-straining argument in words of one syllable, is therefore sure of a sale. *Tanquam ex ungue leonem.* I suspect Basil Blackwell of this cool logic. He must be at the bottom of it. It is a shrewd notion, so far as publication is concerned. By all means let us buy the book, in this time of scientific quickening. But let us not be confused in reading it. The introduction suggests that Dr. Abbott was a prophet paving the way for the revelation of the theory of relativity; this is a gallant claim which ought to be denied. An A B C is given here, but so far as progressive scientific thought is concerned, it is an A B C of the wrong alphabet. The words of one syllable are in the wrong language. It is helpful, in that mental exercise is beneficial; but not more directly. One may go further, and say why. It is because "Flatland" is in the kingdom of literature, and not in the kingdom of science. The quality of thought behind the little book is not a quality of thought which is successful in scientific theory. "Flatland" has not been without influence; but its influence cannot be traced in such a book as Whitehead's "Science and the Modern World." It can be traced in such a book as "Where the Blue Begins."

An engaging fable, worthy of being remembered for its individual, literary merits—it thus appears somewhat oddly, among the books dealing with that rebuilding of scientific abstractions, which is the most notable architectonic achievement of our age. "Flatland" was invented as one would invent a game. It is the product of ingenuity, acting on material which has amusing possibilities. To paraphrase what Johnson said of Swift's "Lilliput," "the rascal hasn't used an abstraction anywhere." "Flatland" is by no means up to "Lilliput." The latter was an accident; the former is a straightforward *jeu d'esprit,* written in the age of ingenuity, in spirit very close to the early H. G. Wells or Jules Verne, and more loosely akin to some adventurers in mysticism. It is not in the stream of serious thought; but those who like backwaters will enjoy it.

A correspondent of the London *Observer* has been calculating the lengths of certain classic works, The average modern novel runs to about 80,000 words; the calculator makes out that "Tom Jones" is about 340,000 words in length, "Peregrine Pickle" about 320,000, and Richardson's "Pamela" about 524,000! Scott seems to have worked to a definite scale; the Waverley novels average approximately 150,000 each, but Dickens ranged from 156,000 in "A Tale of Two Cities" to 390,000 in "David Copperfield."

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The Democratic Fashion

THE DEMOCRATIC WAY OF LIFE. By THOMAS VERNOR SMITH. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1926.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

IT is difficult to do justice to a book which, like this, is serious, highminded, and in places acute, yet which offers in the end little that a practical mind can use. So much has been written about the democratic way of governing people that a discussion of how to live in a democratic fashion, obviously quite a different thing, is in itself timely, and what Mr. Smith has to say runs in so kindly and optimistic a vein as to make adverse criticism seem ungracious. The trouble with Mr. Smith's book, however, is that when he has set out the factors of the problem and instanced the difficulties that have to be met, we are left with no very clear notion of how the problem is to be solved save by the dubious process of keeping a stout heart and hoping for the best.

Most present-day students of social evolution are inclined to see something akin to destiny or fate writ large across the historical record, and to minimize, even to the vanishing point, the part that any individual can play in affecting the movements of the human mass. From such a standpoint Mr. Smith appears to be separated by a considerable gulf. What he calls the democratic way of life, seems to be, in his mind, the product of ethical obligation. We ought, for some reason or other, to live democratically. The possibilities of such a life are to be discovered by examining "the abiding real content of those rather vague symbols that long ago democracy set up to constitute its trinity of aims—liberty, equality, fraternity," and he accordingly proceeds to scrutinize these symbols in search of the social values which they contain.

The notion of fraternity, for example, he finds inherent in the conditions of human existence. "Oil is no more necessary to a locomotive than is a practical measure of fraternity necessary now, as always, to the continuation of our social life and indeed of any life at all." Fraternity, in other words, is brotherhood, and out of the essential brotherhood of man has been evolved the notion of the fatherhood of God. Obviously, however, we cannot be brethren unless we are free, and once the idea of liberty is examined Mr. Smith's ethical machinery begins to creak. "Liberty is indeed doing as one pleases," he admits, but what one pleases to do turns out to be, in an organized society, only what other people think will be good for themselves. Over against the promptings of the individual, however lofty or unselfish, stand the statute book and the custom of the community, and in the face of those constrictions the range of individual action is not only extremely small, but often is not even rational. So with equality, the third element in the democratic trinity. In no respect whatever are men equal, and least of all, perhaps, in opportunity, but the levelling process which Mr. Smith sees going on in various economic directions nevertheless appears to him to be an equalizing process also. The hope for society, as he sees it, lies in applying to the day's work of the average man the spirit that he finds in the professions, where, in form at least, all members of the craft are on the same footing notwithstanding individual differences in ability, ambition, or reward.

Mr. Smith does his best, with the aid of rhetoric and a hopeful tone, to put the new wine of an idealistic social philosophy into the old bottles of political formulas. He has no new vocabulary, but only a taking facility in rearranging time-honored words, phrases, and ideas. The futility of the process is sufficiently shown in his final chapter, in which he holds up scientific knowledge as the basis of the new democratic leadership which he descries. Democracy as a way of life, he adjures us, "must be judged not by its ability to produce a few 'master-leaders,' in deference to whom human nature abdicates its highest prerogatives, but by its ability to make every citizen a creative leader in some enterprise, however small, and at the same time a contented but critical follower of superior insight in other fields, however extended." All that can be said for such a criterion is that it is visionary, wholly wanting in historical foundation.

The BOWLING GREEN

Surrender

I HAVE let go; think not; speak not;
Nor tax me for a sign;—
The Tide has yielded to the moon,
The lip unto the wine.

Draw in my breath, unquestioning
If less I love or more;—
So languid is the weed that lifts
Upon the rower's oar.

MARGARET FULLER.

* * *

I am glad that Mrs. Joseph Conrad, in her little book about J. C., quoted the noble thing that Cunninghame Graham wrote just after Conrad's burial. Too few have read it, and I reprint a fragment for those who may want to save these few memorable words.

. . . The rain had cleared and the sun poured down upon us, as in procession, headed by the acolytes and priests, we bore the coffin to the grave. The semi-circle of Scotch firs formed, as it were, a little harbor for him. The breeze blew freshly south-west by south a little westerly—a good wind, as I thought, to steer up Channel by, and one that he who would no longer feel it on his cheek, looking aloft to see that the sails were drawing properly, must have been glad to carry when he struck soundings, passing the Wolf Rock or the Smalls after foul weather in the Bay.

Handsomely, as he who lay in it might well have said, they lowered the coffin down. The priest had left his Latin and said a prayer or two in English, and I was glad of it, for English surely was the speech the Master Mariner most loved, and honored in the loving with new graces of his own.

The voyage was over and the great spirit rested from its toil, safe in the English earth that he had dreamed of as a child in far Ukrainia. A gleam of sun lit up the red brick houses of the town. It fell upon the tower of the cathedral, turning it into a glowing beacon pointing to the sky. The trees moved gently in the breeze, and in the fields the ripening corn was undulating softly, just as the waves waft in on an atoll in the Pacific, with a slight swishing sound. All was well chosen for his resting-place, and so we left him with his sails all duly furled, ropes flemished down, and with the anchor holding truly in the kind Kentish earth, until the Judgment Day. The gulls will bring him tidings as they fly past above his grave, with their wild voices, if he should weary for the sea and the salt smell of it.

* * *

I gather that later on the *Saturday Review* is going to hold a symposium among its staff as to what books they think would make really meritorious Christmas presents. So it may be premature to say anything now; but I haven't yet uttered my annual halloo in honor of my favorite publishing house, the Oxford University Press. Anyone who wants to surprise a few perspicuous friends with books that are genuine and not likely to be duplicated might for instance get hold of the leaflet "Some Oxford Books on Elizabethan literature, exclusive of Shakespeare." It can be had from the O. U. P., American Branch, 35 West 32, New York. You'll be surprised to find how many notions it may put into your mind.

* * *

It is interesting that in two recent works of fiction the authors have found it necessary to insert a caveat against personal identification (either of themselves or of other persons) with the characters of their narrative. Of these two protests, both admirable, Mr. Somerset Maugham's (which you will find tucked away at the end of "The Casuarina Tree") is probably the more effective. Mr. Wells's, placed at the very bowsprit of his vessel in a strong wind of publicity, invites the contradiction of reviewers, always contentious cattle. It seems to me excellently sage and reasonable, but by the emphasis laid upon it it protests too much.

The agreeable reversal of this frequent disclaimer was that of Messrs. Miles and Mortimer in their *méchant* little satire "The Oxford Circus," a book that always seemed to me much more amusing than the much praised "Zuleika Dobson." None of the characters in this book," said the monitory epigraph, "are entirely imaginary."

Anyhow I hope Mr. Maugham's little comment on how fiction is moonshined out of the strong herbs of experience will not entirely be missed.

* * *

It is unquestionably a perennial amazement to authors to find, as they are bound to do, utterances ejaculated by their fiction offspring quoted as representing their own durable notions. In the first place it is conceivable that an author of fiction has no right, professionally, to any notions at all. His mind should be, and frequently is, a blank; upon which the characters who have for the moment possessed him may inscribe their own perplexities. If one may speak individually, without seeming to attach importance to a minuscule incident, I was startled to find in a recent anthology a cheerful and vaporish halloo about the sanctity of books reprinted over my name. I did not recognize it at all as an expression of my own ideas, and was on the verge of writing to the editor to repudiate it. Then, after careful scrutiny, I recognized it as something that Roger Mifflin, an imaginary bookseller, had said in "The Haunted Bookshop." Certainly Roger's ideas about books are considerably different from my own, and it isn't fair to either of us to hold us mutually responsible.

* * *

There can be no doubt in my mind that the two most exciting books I've read lately are Ellen Glasgow's "The Romantic Comedians" and William Bolitho's "Murder for Profit." Miss Glasgow's novel is one of those phenomena curiously rare in America, a really witty book. We have in this country a huge putting-out of able books, smart books, buffoon books, conscientious books; even of charming, beautiful, and moving books. But that cruel and exquisite aroma known as wit is specially infrequent. There are half a dozen younger writers who are conscientiously supposed, by their publishers, to be the cream and bubble of mulled vinegar: it is odd to see how extraordinarily turbid and thick they appear alongside the acid elixir of Miss Glasgow's book. I must make my hard confession: I had always respected Miss Glasgow, and had believed her work to be important, meritorious, and worthy. But respectfulness is the dullest of all feelings and I discard it forever. I can see that she is adorable. Also it is something more than a witty book, it is wise and humane, written with full judgment and a skill as supple as dainty steel. It is perfectly crystallized without knots or strings. It contains also the most cunningly amusing "line" in recent fiction, which I should not dream of quoting.

* * *

Bolitho's "Murder for Profit" is less easy to speak of, as it is a more important book. It is a book that Shakespeare and De Quincey would have revelled in It requires a strong stomach; mere dabblers in anguish, such as readers of the tabloid press, could hardly carry it. But I think strong stomachs are fairly common nowadays. Bolitho has done a grand job in his studies of some wholesale assassins, the book is a liberal education in pity and despair. There are things that happen to us all, now and then, such as an appeal for shoes for the children of Passaic strikers, that give a cold horror even to those who have fled to an office high up in the Ivory Tower Building. But even in the Ivory Tower, fifteenth floor, there are elevators and a telephone. It will ring when you read Bolitho's book.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A publication of the utmost importance to all libraries, as well as to every association and individual interested in European affairs, has just been issued by the Reference Service on International Affairs of the American Library in Paris. It is a bibliography of the official publications of all the European governments. The principal current publications of each government have been listed, arranged by ministries. In each case, the list is preceded by an introductory note giving information as to the State Printing Office or official printers, as well as the addresses of one or two book-dealers. Prices are given and it is usually stated how the publications listed can be obtained. Under the heading, "General Administration," is given a description of the official journals. Under the heading, "Parliament," are listed the most important publications connected with this body. Under each ministry is given a list of the year-books, periodicals, and other serial publications.

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Books of Special Interest

Following the Hounds

A SPORTING TOUR THROUGH IRELAND, ENGLAND, WALES AND FRANCE. By HARRY WORCESTER SMITH. 2 vols. Columbia, South Carolina. The State Company. 1926. $20.

Reviewed by ALFRED STODDART

IN his Irish Sporting tour Harry Worcester Smith has produced a very remarkable book. The reviewer is fully conscious of the danger that his own enthusiasm for sport may take the bit between his teeth, so to speak, and get away from him. But here is a book for the layman as well as the sportsman. To the man who, even once or twice in his life, has known the exhilaration of riding a good horse across country to the musical cry of hounds, it will bring a quickening of the pulse which will not be denied; and doubtless the non-foxhunter who knows the feel of the pigskin between his knees and the subtle bond between horse and rider which we have inherited from our ancestors of the last thousand years, will find himself, in imagination following Mr. Smith over the Irish hedges and ditches—and sometime not getting over them—on "Success," or "See Saw," or "Sir Ritchie."

In addition, however, to its sporting significance, the book is a social study of very great interest. Mr. Smith is an incurable enthusiast, not only for horses and hounds, but for men and women. Fox hunting is the most social of sports, especially in Ireland, and as M. F. H. the author was, of course, an honored guest in every hospitable home. The period of Mr. Smith's "Tour" was the season of 1912-1913. There was only one winter to pass after that before the portentous summer of 1914 and the later far reaching changes in social conditions in Ireland. In his own inimitable manner without striving at any time for literary effect, Mr. Smith has described his reactions to these happy, care-free people, their homes, their ways of living, and their standards. It might well be that he paints with a light but unerring brush pictures of a life which can never be quite the same again. This is a thought which is strengthened by numerous notes inserted by Mr. Smith since the War, each one relating with saddening monotony how some good sportsman who showed the way across country during that season of 1912-1913 had given his life for his country in the grim horror which followed so closely upon it.

When Harry Worcester Smith accepted the Mastership of the Westmeath Hounds, one of the oldest and best known of the Irish packs, in 1912 he was the first American to become a Master of Hounds in the United Kingdom. Having been previously Master of three American packs, the Grafton of Massachusetts, and the Piedmont and Loudon of Virginia, he was not without a reputation as a fox hunter. In addition he had achieved fame as a daring and successful steeplechase rider and a patron of sport generally.

It was an extraordinary undertaking, however, which Mr. Smith engaged in. He proposed not only to assume the Mastership of one of the oldest of the Irish hunts but he intended to use, to a large extent, his own American horses and American hounds.

It must be born in mind that for a hundred years or more English and American hunting men have been importing Irish hunters until they have become to be considered the best hunting horses in the world. It was therefore a bold move on the part of Mr. Smith to attempt to mount the hunt with American horses which, in numerous instances were not even trained hunters. They were, however, practically all thoroughbreds. Mr. Smith, like Edgerton Warburton, Whyte-Melville, and many another good sportsman is a firm believer in thoroughbred blood in its purity.

The horses made an enviable record and more than held their own with the Irish hunters in spite of the peculiar nature of the Irish jumps, which used to be considered impossible except for Irish-bred horses.

Mr. Smith was disappointed, however, regarding his hounds. He had accepted the Mastership of the Westmeath subject to the rulings of a committee, and it soon became evident that the Committee did not propose to give the American hounds a chance. Mr. Smith makes no complaint of this, as he states that he accepted the Mastership knowing all the conditions and had no just cause for complaint. Therefore, the book does not help to settle the age-old dispute, between the adherents of the type of fox hounds known as the English or Peterborough type and those of the type which is known as the American fox hound, a type, however, frequently found in the Old Country under different names.

A word of praise must be given to the making of this book which is printed on Strathmore deckle edge paper and bound in cloth of the correct color of hunting "pink."

A Poet's Play

DAVID, A PLAY. By D. H. LAWRENCE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

MR. D. H. LAWRENCE has taken six chapters from "The First Book of Samuel, otherwise called The First Book of the Kings," and has recast them in dramatic form—with great literary skill. It would be pleasant to add that he has written a masterly play, or even a moderately good one. Unhappily, but necessarily, he has failed to do either. His high gifts are varied and unquestioned, but they are not the specific and peculiar gifts of a master dramatist.

A single illustration will perhaps make this point clear.

For the final scene of his play, Mr. Lawrence has chosen the passage which tells of David, who is in hiding from the anger of Saul in a rocky place, not far off from the King's house, "by the stone Ezel." David is waiting for the coming of Jonathan, who has been with his father, Saul, sounding his mind toward David. When Jonathan appears he is to shoot certain arrows: if they fall thus and so, David may safely return to the King's house, and to Michal, his wife; but if thus and so, he must continue in exile. These signals have been prearranged—and they seem needlessly complicated, especially as after the signal is given the two friends meet together and talk it all over. But so it stands in the text, and Mr. Lawrence has abided by it.

Now evidently this is not a scene which can be effectively placed on the stage unless it has been prepared for by the earlier scene between David and his heart's brother (duly given in Holy Writ) in which the plan for the signalling is settled between them. But Mr. Lawrence has omitted the preparatory scene. He is thus obliged to start the last scene of his play with a long expository soliloquy—in which David unblushingly feeds to us the information we must have if we are to understand the action to follow.

On the other hand, the personal genius of Mr. Lawrence as poet, psychologist, and master of language is apparent throughout the play. There are passages of extraordinary insight, of high imaginative splendor. The penultimate scene at Naioth in Ramah, wherein Saul also is numbered among the prophets, is a gloriously daring expansion of six meagre and difficult verses. This is genuine creation of a kind which only a true poet could accomplish.

It is interesting, too, that Mr. Lawrence has throughout held himself closely (from a dramaturgic standpoint too closely) to the given text, and has yet very subtly reinterpreted the psychology of his principal figures. His portrait of the younger David is complete and convincing, although it is essentially the figure suggested in the following famous passage from Renan:

> There are sometimes generated in the Semitic countries of the East, which usually produce harsh-featured and repulsive men, prodigies of grace, elegance, and wit. David was one of these charmers. Capable of the greatest crimes when circumstances required, he was also capable of the most delicate sentiments. He knew how to make himself popular: no one could know him without becoming attached to him. . . . He appeared to have been born to succeed.

And in Mr. Lawrence's play, young Jonathan, who cannot but love this David, at least does not do so blindly, for in the end he says:

> I would not see thy new day, David. For thy wisdom is the wisdom of the subtle, and behind thy passion lies prudence. And naked thou wilt not go into the fire. Yea, go thou forth, and let me die. For thy virtue is in thy wit, and thy shrewdness. But in Saul have I known the magnanimity of a man.

But when—as with Sophocles, or with Shakespeare—shall we have a true poet who is not disdainful of the architectural requirements of the stage!

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Books of Special Interest

A Treatise on Words

WORDS ANCIENT AND MODERN. By ERNEST WEEKLEY. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1926.

Reviewed by GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP
Columbia University

MR. WEEKLEY'S "Words Ancient and Modern" is not a new collection of hymn tunes, but a philological treatise. Nevertheless the book is not without its lyric note. It contains seventy-four animated little chapters or essays, and each chapter discusses the life-history of an English word, the words ranging in antiquity from Chaucer's *anlaas, anelas* to such modernisms as *soviet* and *swaraj*. In choosing his words Mr. Weekley has always had his eye on the unexpected and the picturesque. Some words have had commonplace histories and some have wandered along the paths of romantic adventure. The words with interesting pasts are the ones that attract Mr. Weekley, and he tells his stories not in the cryptic style of the scholarly dictionary, but with gusto and narrative skill.

Everybody knows the word *dicker*, to barter or haggle, but everybody does not know that this word, as a noun, goes back to the time of the Emperor Valerian, and to Latin *decuria*, from *decem*, meaning a set of ten, especially a set of ten hides. Following the lead of the Oxford English Dictionary, Mr. Weekley infers that the word gained currency first among dealers in hides and leather, but that the sense of haggling, bartering, swopping developed in the United States. As the early adventurers in America were mostly trappers and hunters in quest of pelts, "it seems a reasonable inference that their use of the word reflected the fur-trade with the Indians." From the Emperor Valerian to the American Indians is a far cry, but it is not improbable that the Oxford English Dictionary and Mr. Weekley are on the right track. When our dictionary of American English is completed, however, we shall have citations at hand which may place this guess on more certain ground than that of inference. Of course every etymologist can suggest more than he can prove. Mr. Weekley, for another example, connects *Codlin*, a kind of apple, with the fifteenth century proper name *Querdling*, and both ultimately with *coeur-de-lion*. "If we consider," he concludes, "that the forms of the Norfolk surname and the Norfolk apple run parallel back to the middle of the fifteenth century, we may, I think, assume as a reasonable proposition that, if we had a fourteenth century record for the apple, we should find it called a *quer de lion*, and that it was nicknamed for its hard heart, just as the *dandelion* (*dent de lion*) was named from its toothed leaves." This is indeed a reasonable proposition, though it leaves us still looking for the record of the apple as a *quer de lion*.

The etymologist is undoubtedly within his rights when he makes guesses like this, provided he indicates, as Mr. Weekley always does, that the guess awaits the happy accident of the discovery of a definite record before it can be accepted as something more than a guess.

By Lord Dunsany

The Charwoman's Shadow

"An essay on which I am at work has gone much better because I have read 'The Charwoman's Shadow' twice through. For this Aid to Science my thanks go to my friend, Lord Dunsany." —William Beebe in *The Atlantic Monthly*

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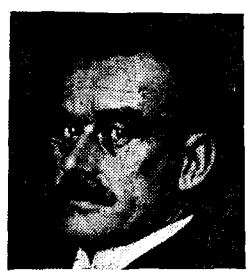
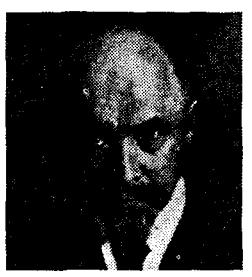


Thomas Mann



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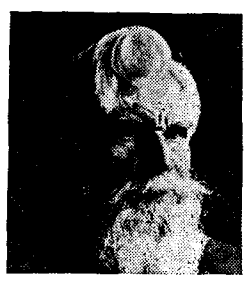

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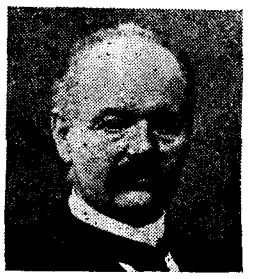

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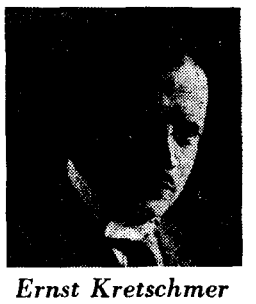

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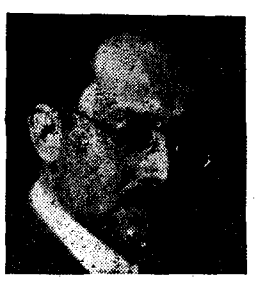

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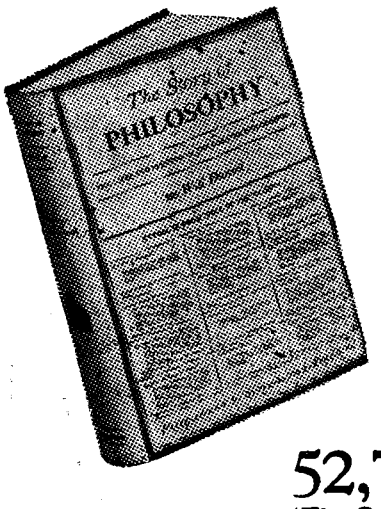

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A Letter from Canada

By William Arthur Deacon

WHILE the trend from verse to prose, which I have formerly noted in these columns, is still going on, as is evident from the lengthy fall lists that mention dozens of books from novels to sermons, it is the Canadian poetry of the season that is awakening the greatest interest. This is due not so much to the relative inferiority of the prose writers as to the fact that what is probably the final flare of the "Group of '61," which has dominated Canadian letters for forty-five years, coincides with the first major achievements of the following generation.

When William Henry Drummond's "Complete Poems" came out recently in a one-volume edition it was not realized that the move had a wider significance than confirmation of the popularity of the gustic French-Canadian poems. Their author has been dead twenty years, and his work in constant circulation ever since. But when this was followed by the announcement of the "Complete Poems" of Duncan Campbell Scott, and the definitive edition of Archibald Lampman, and well founded rumors that the complete poems of Marjorie Pickthall were being printed, it became evident that 1926 was to have an importance in Canadian poetry without parallel since 1893, when Scott, Lampman, Roberts, and Carman published their most representative volumes.

When it was also known that Wilson MacDonald, who has not published for eight years, was about to issue the best of his work of the last four years, during which his art has reached a startling maturity and finish, it was a foregone conclusion that the record of 1893 had been beaten. Nor was he alone of the younger group. E. J. Pratt—he of the Masefield-like rhymed narratives—is bringing out his third, and most ambitious book. That there might be no doubt as to the date being fixed in the memory, John W. Garvin, compiler of the best general-purposes Canadian anthology, drastically revised his "Canadian Poets," first printed in 1916, and launched an enlarged second edition of that useful guide to the Canadian poetry of the last half century.

Marjorie Pickthall has a dulcet tone in her lyrics that is remarkable for its purity. Her range is not wide but, like Housman, her one note is perfect; and the sweetness of her verses ensures their popularity.

Duncan Campbell Scott is due to surprise many who have been unaware of his existence. Through a quietly productive period of forty years he has been the author of many volumes of verse and prose, whose coming was marked by such modesty that he has never attained wide circulation; but the critics of England and Canada have long since recognized him as the most deft craftsman among the Canadian poets, and have found in his lines a choice discrimination of utterance that commands respect. The large volume of his "Complete Poems" has been badly needed, because nearly all his former publications are out of print; and it is expected that the mass of his work, between one pair of covers, will impress the general public with the quality and attractiveness of it, and will place Dr. Scott for the first time among the more popular, as he is indubitably one of the best, of Canadian poets.

On Lampman's death in 1899, Scott, as his friend and literary executor, published his "Poems" practically complete, with an extensive biographical "Memoir." In the more than thirty years that have elapsed, Scott has studied his dead chum's work with increasing dissatisfaction over his own editing thereof. Consequently there has now come a smaller book called "Lyrics of Earth," omitting about half the material in "Poems", with the remaining pieces arranged more logically to better illustrate the merits of Lampman. As Introduction, there is given some biographical data, and an exceptionally well reasoned essay in analytical criticism. If Lampman was formerly Canada's greatest poet of the last century, as many, including myself, believed, this new offering will yet enhance his fame greatly because, under this system of interpretative editing, Lampman emerges so much the finer writer than he was esteemed even by his staunch admirers as to be almost a new figure.

The senior and junior groups are united in "Canadian Poets", John W. Garvin's bulky anthology, which has been a standard work for a decade. In the enlarged second edition, which has just appeared, seventy-five poets find place, more rigorous standards of admission having been applied to the older practioners than to the juniors—the reason for the inclusion of some of the latter doubtless being a desire to encourage young talent. There are 417 pages of verse containing 392 poems. Each poet's work is prefaced by a photograph and some biographical and critical notes. The contents being reasonably well chosen, and the plan being comprehensive, this is the best single volume from which to form a true conception of the wealth and variety of Canadian poetic literature down to the present.

But 1926 derives its chief distinction from being the year of the emergence of Wilson MacDonald. In his "Out of the Wilderness" the soul of Canada becomes splendidly articulate, and the international domain of English poetry is enriched by the addition of a voice of authentic power. It is rare indeed to find strength and delicacy like this united in one writer: the combination is the hall-mark of the greater poets. As a lyrist, the charm of his music compels me to think of all his better work as pure melody. To this must be added, in the tally of his powers, a daring wealth of imagery, the worship of Nature and meticulous observance of her ways traditional in Canadian poetry, and a fiery spirit, whose strong opinions on matters of common and public concern supply material for many a melodious conception, whose artistry may be overlooked by those ready to take sides on the theme.

"Out of the Wilderness" is a large book, as we are familiar with the periodic offerings of poets. Its eighty poems fill 209 pages. In sheer beauty of conception and expression, as well as in its variety of form and versatility of treatment, it certainly places MacDonald head and shoulders above all other Canadian poets of his generation, and I share the widely-held opinion that he has carried the national literature to a height not before attained. As to his worth when compared with his fellow craftsmen abroad, I speak with a diffidence born of the consciousness of a national pride in his achievement; for it is my belief that he will be found to rank well among the poets of Great Britain and the United States, who are producing at this time. In this collection, some of the poems are on big themes and others, being on little themes, are slight: some are merely good poems; but many—over one third of the whole—attain that fine felicity of expression that makes for magic and great poetry. As a lyrist, he often strikes a simplicity that means perfection.

E. J. Pratt—a man, like MacDonald, in his middle forties—has just released "Titans," a book containing two long, vigorous tales in rhymed couplets. One, "The Cachelot," is a story of a great whale, particularly bloody in its recital of the struggle to the death between the lusty bull and a monster devil-fish, and culminating in a fight between the whale and a whaling-ship in a manner reminiscent of "Moby Dick." The other, called "The Feud," is more fantastic; and contains an allegory so subtly concealed that many will miss it altogether. The action consists in a battle in pre-historic times between the land animals on the one side and the fish and reptiles on the other. Pratt has the unusual gift of getting swiftly moving drama into verse, a sardonic vocabulary, and a genuine fund of dry humor. A slightly anachronistic dinosaur is the clown of "The Feud," as the sea-cat was of his "Witches' Brew"—a poem that was greeted with shouts of delight at Oxford.

Two descriptive works of special merit are "The Spell of French Canada," by Frank Oliver Call, and "The Glamour of British Columbia," by H. Glyn-Ward. Both have the advantage of being written by residents, instead of tourists as is too often the case; both are very readable and informative; and are well illustrated with photographs and maps.

A book entitled "The Graphic Processes," prepared by Louis A. Holman, of Goodspeed's Book Shop, in Boston, will contain 25 actual prints representive of as many different processes of reproduction. The prints will be attached to the third page of a semi-still folder, and the first and fourth pages will be used for notes on the process represented by the print therein. Only 100 sets will be ready by the date of publication, but the total issue will be 250 sets. Such a collection will be valuable not only to collectors, but of importance to schools and museums, in supplying material to illustrate the processes of reproduction.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

A SHORT HISTORY OF ITALIAN ART. By ADOLFO VENTURI. Translated by EDWARD HUTTON. With 300 illustrations. Macmillan. 1926. $4.

Professor Venturi's unfailing enthusiasm and eloquence are conveyed with only slight attentuation in Mr. Hutton's English, and readers who know their Italian art pretty well and do not know the author's monumental "Storia Della Arte Italiana" will read this brilliant survey with pleasure. What the beginner will make of it is another question, and the book seems planned for the beginner. A chief essential in a beginner's book is a sense of proportion and emphasis. These are wholly lacking. The author pursues at will and at length lines of archæological novelty and personal predilection, often hitting off the most important topics with a paragraph or an epigram. The mere distribution of space tells the story. Giovanni Pisano receives no less than fourteen pages; Michelangelo, thirteen; Cavallini and Giotto, twelve each; Botticelli, five; Raphael and Titian, four each; Fra Angelico, Masaccio, Donatello, and Leonardo da Vinci—three each; Giorgione, one. It all reminds one a little of the poet who did the Iliad in triolets, but Professor Venturi's literary skill carries the matter off plausibly and his text is reinforced by abundant illustrations of a superior order.

OLD MASTERS AND MODERN ART. Vol. II. The Netherlands, Germany, Spain. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $7.50.

In this volume the accomplished director of the National Gallery pursues the leisurely gait set in the former volume on Italian painting, and the reader is the gainer thereby. His point of departure is always the pictures in the National Gallery, but he readily extends his survey outwards, and from the point of view of pure criticism his estimates of particular painters are often quite complete. Having chiefly in mind the lessons that a contemporary painter may draw from the practice of the old masters, he varies his approach flexibly, often digressing into the archælogical and purely æsthetic fields. For example, his suggestion of the long winter and small scale of the Dutch country house as making for small pictures treated as so many open windows is both novel and just. He helps us to grasp the fine quality of the neglected Dutch painters of city scenes and architecture, and says the true word about the superficiality of the too popular Hobbema and Wouvermans. He contributes something new to the unsolved problems of the technic of the Van Eycks. He has an uncanny rightness of judgment in the most diverse fields and a mellow and undogmatic fashion of writing. For one who must read amid interruptions, this is a delightful sort of book. One always carries away something substantial from the briefest browsing. The large octavo is of good English make, though a little heavy in the hand, and is well and fully illustrated. In certain reasonably disputed attributions, notably under Dürer and Velasquez, Sir Charles stands stoutly behind his labels. But no one who knows the pains of directorship will blame any director for standing behind his labels just a little longer than the standing is good. The alternative is an almost daily relabelling, and confusion.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTE RODIN. By ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI. Illustrated. Lippincott. 1926. $3.

For most of the year 1906 the author of this book was Rodin's private secretary. To the task Mr. Ludovici brought an intellectual detachment which few in close contact with the master were able to maintain. Upon this cold but scrupulously just attitude rests the value of an otherwise scanty sheaf of reminiscences. From such a survey emerges the figure of a very great craftsman chiefly concerned with restoring the organic modelling—modelling from inside out—of the Greeks and the Gothic sculptors, deeply engrossed with emotional meanings, deficient in monumentality. As a person we see neither the serene Olympian of Juliette Cladel nor yet the Titan in senile decay of Marcelle Tirel. We have instead the picture of a consummate craftsman in a very limited field, already somewhat bewildered and beginning to be spoiled by adulation, subject to unreasonable suspicions and fears, yet essentially simple and good, a temperament carrying curiosity to what in a more complicated character would have been obscenity. What we have in this book is rather a critical estimate supported by personal observation than reminiscences. One passes without a literary jolt from Mr. Ludovici's narrative of his secretaryship at Meudon to his final chapter which is avowedly critical. It is one of the most just and searching essays on Rodin's great but ambiguous genius. No one else has duly stressed Rodin's importance as reasserting a humanistic ideal at a moment when in the name of science on one hand and of temperament on the other French are was becoming completely dehumanized.

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ENGLISH PROSE AND POETRY. Selected and annotated by *John Matthews Manly.* Ginn. $3.

Fiction

BLUE HAND. By EDGAR WALLACE. Small, Maynard. 1926. $2.

It seems to us that Mr. Wallace here heavily overdoses the reader with standard prescriptions for mystery melodrama. He also calls into play a vast deal of strident hoity-toity, which seems to be unjustified by contributing anything helpful in the unloading of the plot. A snoopy lawyer's clerk, with strong detective instincts, determines that one Digby Groat is a black villain, and sets out to prove him so. The missing heiress, thought long dead, whose fortune Groat and his mother have enjoyed for many years, is restored to life, a menace to the well-being of her enemies. To save himself from impending disaster, Groat abducts the girl, seeks to escape with her from England by aeroplane and yacht, but is nabbed in the nick of time by the hero. Reluctantly, we admit that the story appears to us no better than that.

STRANGERS. By DOROTHY VAN DOREN. Doran. 1926. $2.

Were there ever before in the world so many "first novels" in one season? And so many of them very well written,—but after that is said, what more is there to add? "Strangers," by Dorothy Van Doren, is a sincere effort and is without the glaring faults of many first attempts; still, it is doubtful if it will warm many readers to enthusiasm. The four persons making up what the jacket refers to as a "sex quadrangle" remain nebulous for all their constant eating and going to bed (the book becomes positively orgiastic in its minute description of food buying, preparation, and consumption), and one feels that it matters fairly little whether they do or they don't "do that for which the language had no adequate word, only vulgar or cruel or comic words, and meaningless scientific evasions"—a possibility which they discuss *ad nauseam.* They have that most unhappy characteristic of ceasing to exist entirely when the author's pen is off them for a moment. But none of these strictures apply to the story of Paul and Rachel which runs with a beautiful integrity through the sound and fury of "the quadrangle." Both of these young people live with a vitality which temporary absence from the scene of activity is powerless to dispel. Their story (aside from that deadly preparatory remark about the slipperiness of the floor!) is worthy of a better environment,—indeed, it could well stand alone,—and perhaps Mrs. Van Doren in years to come will emulate George Moore and reclaim this particular *object d'art* from the debris of "Strangers."

SMITH EVERLASTING. By DILLWYN PARRISH. Harpers. 1926. $2.

The average citizen who neglects every other item in the news in order to read about some trifling matter already known to him—the weather, the fire next door, the baseball game he has just witnessed—will perhaps find some pleasure in identifying his wife, his cousins, his uncles, or his aunts among the everlasting Smiths of this novel. The Smiths as a family represent the quintessence of mediocrity. Harmless, commonplace, well-intentioned people they are, their women busy with sewing, jelly-making and meaningless tasks, self-imposed, their children speaking little pieces at school, their men gathering together to exchange familiar opinions expressed in familiar platitudes. Not much happens to any of them in this tale—they meet at birthdays and funerals, they go visiting, they discuss importantly the insignificant details that make up their lives, one of them almost rises above the general level, only to slump back again.

Dillwyn Parrish has succeeded in making them, individually and collectively, as real

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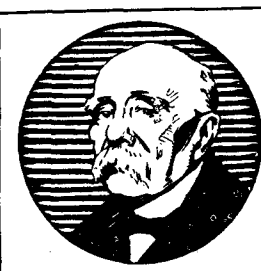

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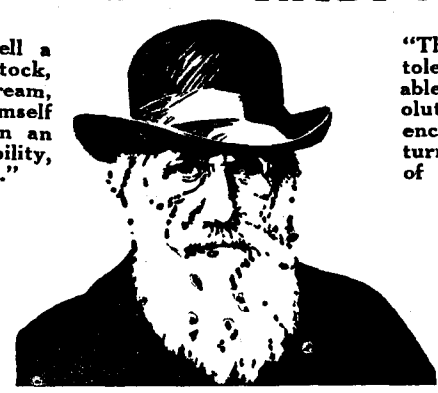

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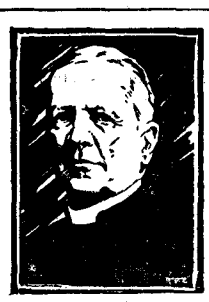

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and dull and unimaginative as cornmeal mush. There they are, caught whole and but mildly satirized. They speak for themselves. What of it? Those who read the headlines before turning to the weather reports will probably fail to recognize their Emilies and Cousin Jims and Aunt Carolines in these three hundred and seventy-four pages devoted to the entirely lifelike but utterly tiresome Smiths, and, even if they do, they will doubtless conclude that there is such a thing as paying too high a price for the privilege of ascertaining that cornmeal mush really is cornmeal mush.

PANDORA. By ARTHUR B. REEVE. Harpers. 1926. $2.

Craig Kennedy has always seemed to us one of the feeblest and least attractive of imaginary detectives, a lifeless dummy compounded of imaginary chemical formulæ and fabulous inventions of his own discovery. This latest story, in which, for once, he has a secondary part, is a weird pipe-dream picturing the United States reduced to ruin by the invasion of a foreign manufactured commodity called "Synthetol." Panics, nation-wide unemployment, hunger riots, and revolution accompany this all-destructive plague of industry. America totters on the brink, but does she perish? There is but one man whose genius can save her, and it is Kennedy's mission to safeguard the secret toil of this deliverer. At last the magic weapon that will rout our sinister foe is perfected, the Republic is preserved, triumphant once more in her commercial supremacy of the universe. Yes, the story is quite incredible, and correspondingly poor.

THAT MAINWARING AFFAIR. By A. MAYNARD BARBOUR. Lippincott. 1926. $2.

What object prompted the publisher to disinter the mediocre bones of this aged mystery story for reissue is beyond our conception. The tale first appeared in 1900, and the years have not improved its quality —on the contrary, their passing has lent to much of it the suggestion of unintended burlesque. For example, one finds it difficult today reading: "Wretch!" he hissed, with an oath, "you have betrayed me, curse you!" to repress a smile. The better order of mystery story authors do not write that way any more. And from materials that closely parallel those which make up the Mainwaring murder and the prolonged legal fight of the deceased's relatives for possession of his estate, there have since been written countless superior variations of the too familiar theme.

THE DEAD RIDE HARD. By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE. Lippincott. 1926. $2.

Mr. Vance's novel immediately preceding this, "White Fire," was in our opinion among his very best, while his present one seems to belong among the numerous majority of his books. The scene is mainly Buda-Pest following the dethronement of the Emperor Charles, and during the horrors of the Bela Kun revolution. Denise Vay, loyal lady in waiting to the fugitive Empress, is entrusted by the ex-sovereign with the perilous mission of filching from its secret hiding-place in the palace the priceless St. Stephen emeralds. Enamoured of the girl, who despises him, a Bolshevist leader entraps her and recovers the jewels for himself, but at the cost of murdering Denise's father and mother. Thence onward, the persecuted girl's only thought is for revenge upon her parents' slayer. That much of the plot should serve for a sample. The author's pronounced weakness for excessively lurid prose rages throughout the book unrestrained.

IT HAPPENED IN PEKING. By LOUISE JORDAN MILN. Stokes. 1926. $2.

The writer of this note, who himself passed two years in north China, is unable to share the enthusiasm of this novel's author for all things Chinese. Such a character as T'zu Hsi, the late Dowager Empress, was surely not one to evoke the reverent admiration of an occidental, nor was the Boxer insurrection, rashly instigated by her hatred of the foreigners, an event susceptible to condonation by an unbiased commentator. Yet, in an otherwise capably written story of Peking during the momentous year of 1900, the author, though seeming to be liberally conversant with pre-revolution China, pays tributes to the tyrannical old regent to the extent of comparison with Queen Victoria, and extenuates the Boxers' eight-week siege of the Legation Quarter on patriotic grounds! But the just, if severe, punishment, visited upon Peking by the allied relief forces was brutal and excessive.

Characters of the book are a wealthy American woman and her nephew, an English duchess and her niece, all engaged upon a leisurely oriental tour, a Manchu girl, numerous supers of the yellow race, both high-born and low. The outbreak of the Boxers catches the four travelers in Peking, the two older ladies within the comparative safety of the Legation walls, the nephew and niece cut off from them in the alien city. It is a volume whose chief interest is that of a vivid descriptive narrative rather than a story's.

BACKYARD. By GLORIA GODDARD. McBride. 1926. $2.

The reader's mood in "Backyard" knows three veerings. First, there is irritation at the perpetual use of simile and metaphor. Will the author never state what anything is but only ever and anon what it is like? Equally omnipresent is the active verb; no inanimate object ever remains inanimate long enough for quiet recognition; fences, yards, curtains, everything in fact, must be up and doing. The trees "hold friendly hands with the hammocks;" the houses "rubbed their eyes to early wakefulness." Nor is that last infirmity of lady novelists absent; the intimate vocabulary. "From gate to backdoor the cinder path marched scrunchily."

But once the backyards get under way on their business of life such irritations pass, and the author emerges from these mannerisms into the reality of neighborhood life viewed always from the alley which separates the backyards of the small group of aristocratic houses on one side from the more crowded *hoi polloi* cottages on the other. The people in the story, with two exceptions, remain nameless, their characteristics or relationships serving to designate them, and once they are presented to the reader they are so keenly individualized as to need no ticketing of John or Henry, Ellen or May. The author tells nothing of what happens to her characters indoors or when they are away from their yards and alleys, and yet their stories are so skilfully handled that one knows what they

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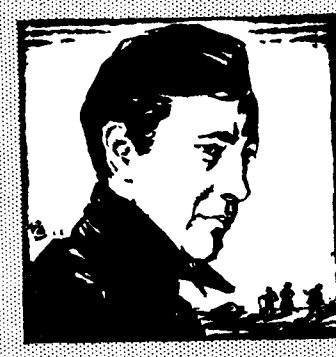

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Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

are doing all the time. Miss Goddard achieves this difficult feat with such ease as to make it seem not a feat at all but the most natural way of telling a story.

But, alas, the story, itself! When of late years has virtue been so rewarded and vice so punished in literature? The good girl, step by step, climbs the ladder to matrimonial success, while the bad girl toboggans surely, if not swiftly, to destruction. If only the author had been satisfied to tell about these people for a while and then stop telling about them, without the artificiality of an "ending!" Watching over back fences, some way, doesn't demand the turned key *finale* of an Ibsen play. In the end the three moods of the reader merge into one of decided interest in Miss Goddard and in what she will do next.

THE DANCING FLOOR. By JOHN BUCHAN. 1926. $2.50.

John Buchan is surely first among those who write tales of escapes and hurried journeys. Oppenheim, Fletcher, Wrenn, and the rest may curdle more blood or perplex more brains but no one else, we think, gives a reader quite the same sense of hearing high adventure he himself has missed only by bad luck and for a time. There is almost a promise that something yet will happen to you "with . . . (that) exquisite aptness and splendid finality, as if Fate had suddenly turned artist," which Buchan calls romance. (Did it not happen even to a Glasgow grocer in "Huntingtower?")

"The Dancing Floor" very effectively uses material from "The Golden Bough." Our old friend, Sir Edward Leithen, first met in "The Power House" years ago, tells the story. It is not the best of all the Buchan romances. The boy's dream in the beginning has little to do with the real story, but that happens to many "plotters" who start with an idea they really never needed. The action is perhaps less vivid than "Greenmantle" or "The Three Hostages," but it is a fine yarn, written to be read, not seen in the movies. There is a bit of writing where Colonel Milburne gets into the Evil Room of the Arabins that is worth looking for, and neither Montague nor Hudson has a finer sense for wild weather.

Buchan, a great Scotsman told us, is a "worldly mon." These romances, it is said, are written on the trains between Oxford and London. In London there are other duties. There is a New Series of Poets edited with Sir Henry Newbolt, a History of the World War, a regimental history or so, an anthology of Scottish Poetry, a volume of his own poems, memoirs of the Great Montrose and Lord Minto. To write twenty or more high romances in the intervals is no small task even for a "worldly mon."

JANET THURSO. By ALEXANDER MORAY. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $2.

This simple chronicle of a Scotch family is a quiet but very appealing tale with the flavor of biography rather than of fiction. One suspects indeed from its dedication and other internal evidence that it is a filial tribute to a remarkable mother. If so, Janet Thurso would be the first to approve its flawless sincerity.

The author has made this brave but gentle woman very real to us, her tender understanding, her struggles to win for her children the heritage that the harsh integrity of their father denies them, her dutiful regard for the husband who nevertheless imposes upon her the "ever-carried burden of forgiving him." The tragic opposition between these two in the upbringing of their large family ("Janet was for expression through love, Donald for repression through fear; she for conquering sin, he for avoiding it") and the significance of this conflict to all concerned constitute the nucleus of the story. Judged as fiction, it perhaps lacks color, variety, and emphasis, despite a number of dramatic and moving incidents and the excellent characterization of its chief protagonists. Judged as fact, it should win much interested attention because of its sane and honest contribution to various problems connected with the duties and privileges of parenthood. And all who know and love the Scotch will find in Mr. Mobray a sympathetic and perspicacious chronicler.

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A CANDIDATE FOR TRUTH. By *J. D. Beresford*. Doran.

THE CHRONICLES OF BARSETSHIRE. By *Anthony Trollope*. Lauriat. 6 vols. $18.

Foreign

LE CRUEL AMOUR. By ANDRE BEAUNIER. Paris: Flammarion. 1926.

An ethical problem truly knotty: the conciliation of egoism with altruism, supplies the conflict in Beaunier's melodramatic novel, "Le Cruel Amour." Although the book proceeds in a most serious vein, the proposition underlying the narrative is so contradictory as to be ludicrous. A conscientious woman tries to be faithful both to her own wishes as courtesan, and her evident duty as wife. The disconsolate husband, who has a sense of poetical justice, brings the problem to a satisfactory solution by killing himself at the close of the book.

PREHISTOIRE DE LA NORVEGE. By *Haakon Shetelig*. Harvard University Press.

VOLKSGESUNDHEIT IM KRIEG. By *Clemens Pirquet*. Vienna: Hölder-Pichler-Tempsky (Yale University Press). 2 vols.

BIBLIOGRAPHIE DE VICTOR HUGO. By *Maximilian Rudwin*. Paris: Les Belles Lettres.

SATAN ET LE SATANISME DANS L'ŒUVRE DE VICTOR HUGO. By *Maximilian Rudwin*. Paris: Les Belles Lettres.

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International

U. S. A SECOND STUDY IN DEMOCRACY. By H. E. BUCHHOLZ. Baltimore: Warwick & Work, Inc. 1926.

A good smashing attack on the ways of our nation, written from the standpoint of an individualist, would have its welcome and perhaps its weight. It would help restore the balance of printed pages, which since Bellamy and Henry George has dipped ever more to the side of less individualism and more government. Mr. Buchholz has sought in "U. S." to put forth an earnest, strong, influential, popular book. He has given veritable evidence of earnestness. He has failed as to power, by a somewhat strained and awkward employment of the gymnastics of verbal force. He will lack influence, and quite likely the wide popular following within range of an adequate effort on his theme, for he will inspire mistrust of the whole by his lapses, not few, into unsupported statement and mixed thinking.

One may cite his assertion that the Government offered "immunity to its agents of they fired to kill" on violators of the dry law. Perhaps the intended reference is to shooting fugitive suspects; surely the Government has not sanctioned the shooting of those who peaceably surrender? Again, he speaks of the *Bill of Rights* as passed "two years after the business of the United States Government was started;" unaware, momentarily at least, of the seven years that the United States passed under the Articles of Confederation. He would have it that the First Amendment stipulates that Congress should make no law establishing a religion; whereas the Amendment says it "shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion." Thus it could not apparently disestablish any religious system that the anti-evolutionists in Tennessee, for instance, might care to set up. The Amendment has been subconsciously revamped to meet Mr. Buchholz's ideas. A more appalling tangle of thought, if less important, is his notion that a "rookie" may be commanded to black the captain's boots. Nor do the Regulations or Manual support the assertion, immediately following, that the unfortunate private must assent, if the captain falsely complains: "You didn't shine my boots." To apply military terms to Mr. Buchholz's own case, big guns should rest on firm bases.

Juvenile

VALERY CARRICK'S PICTURE FOLK-TALES. By VALERY CARRICK. Stokes. 1926. $1.50.

For very young children who want to hear about animals, these stories told in simple language and endowing the various beasts with human sounding conversation will make excellent reading aloud. The accompanying pictures are spirited, but ugly, and we doubt if many children will like them much. They fall between the realistic and the highly fantastic,—a disappointing class to our way of thinking. Still, there is humor in them and in the stories, and we particularly liked the retelling of the old folk-tale about the fisherman, the obliging gold-fish, and the demanding wife.

ANNALS OF THE MAGIC ISLE. By W. RALPH HALL CAINE. Stokes. 1926. $4.

These are legends of the Isle of Man. In the sixteenth century an exile from the Court of Elizabeth lived and died alone on a small island near Man, called the Calf of Man. These old stories of the Celts are told to him by certain mystical women who appear to him in dreams.

GAY'S YEAR ON SUNSET ISLAND. By MARGUERITE ASPINWALL. Putnam. 1926.

Five energetic present-day boys and girls in their teens are transplanted from a quiet New England town to a real desert island; one, moreover, which is said by tradition to be the hiding place of pirate treasure. A sea-going Uncle takes command of the little expedition and Gay, the youthful heroine and narrator of the story, with the rest, encounters many strange adventures from the moment their ship "Myra" spreads her sails and starts South. There are strange, and difficult journeys by sea and land; a lost treasure map, and the discovery that more wealth may lie in the old lost recipe for making candied orange peel from the native fruit after an old French fashion, than in unearthing lost Spanish coins. But in the end enough treasure is recovered to satisfy even the most romantic youngster. Into the book has gone much of the unfailing stuff that will always appeal to youth. These are healthy, normal young people and their adventures are told with spirit and sympathy and without that over-sentimentalizing so apparent in many books for readers in their teems.

LITTLE LUCIA'S SCHOOL. By MABEL L. ROBINSON. Dutton. 1926. $1.50.

Little Lucia having had three books about herself, her puppy, and her Island Camp, now has another about the school to which she is sent during the winter her parents are in Europe. The book seems singularly lacking in spirit and spontaneity. In fact it is one of the most flagrantly written-to-order juveniles we have ever happened upon. It has not even much plot or action and we marvel that children should follow such exceedingly lifeless doings with any kind of interest. Somehow one always feels the author looking on at it all, instead of being in the thick of things which is surely where an author of children's books ought to be! Little Lucia is homesick; she has her tonsils out, and even learns to ride a beautiful black horse. These are all elements that should make an admirable juvenile, but the spirit is lacking and when one compares it with that peerless tale of a little girl at school, "Sara Crewe," one feels more than ever sure that Frances Hodgson Burnett possessed the magic touch as a writer of children's stories. Besides being exceedingly dull, "Little Lucia's School" contains some of the cheapest and most thoroughly unsatisfactory illustrations we have ever met.

KING KURIOSITY. By GEORGE MITCHELL. Small, Maynard. 1926. $1.50.

Herein are set forth the further adventures of such well known characters from Mother Goose as:—Simple Simon, Old King Cole, The Spider and Miss Muffet, Humpty-Dumpty and others. We confess to a pet aversion for people spelling words with K's when they should be C's. It is a form of humor that never did appeal to us, and we think it is a pity to use it in a children's book. Spelling is hard enough going at best, leaving aside all questions of good taste. However, that is a small point in an otherwise merry book for youngsters just past reading Mother Goose. The illustrations by the author we really enjoyed more than the text, only we wished again that he didn't annoy us by plastering a facsimilie signature upon every one. There are very pleasant nonsensical verses scattered throughout the book, and these we felt were the most successful part of it.

(*Continued on next page*)

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CENTURY — *Enduring Books*

The New Books

International

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE TIRED TROLLEY CAR. By BETH A. RETNER. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

This is the sort of book we disliked particularly when we were little, and now that we are grown up we dislike it even more, for on nearly every page there is some distinct effort on the author's part to be clever or whimsical. To feel this sort of self-consciousness in any writing is deplorable, but there is really no excuse for it in a children's book where above everything else there should be naturalness and simplicity. Beth A. Retner delights in showing-off, and she works and overworks her little bag of tricks till the reader becomes irritated. Certainly if children like the manufactured whimsicality of such stories, it only goes to prove that they are being given the wrong kind of literary diet. Often the fancies are cheap as well as labored, with puns into the bargain.

When one thinks of "Alice in Wonderland," or even the more recent "Dr. Dolittle," and the freshness, the gay nonsense, and utterly spontaneous fancies scattered with no apparent effort through the stories, one feels like protesting. This sort of thing isn't playing fair to the children for whom it will be bought and given. It is especially painful when one can see plainly that the author has much in her favor as a writer of juvenile tales. She has plenty of fun and spirit if only she could overcome these forced efforts at whimsicality and a certain lack of good taste. The illustrations are also a bit hectic and seem to be outdoing themselves to be queer, but of course they are the only kind of pictures that would be in keeping with the book.

HANS BRINKER OR THE SILVER SKATES. By MARY MAPES DODGE. Scribners. 1926. $2.50.

This reissue of a children's classic which has proved enormously popular with succeeding generations is attractively illustrated by George Wharton Edwards, and brought out in a fine, ample format. The page is in large clear type and the illustrations are in color, with a specially-drawn title page. Mrs. Dodge made Holland a fascinating land to children, and the exciting narrative of Hans Brinker, ending with the famous skating race, must still appeal strongly to all children with active minds.

JOHN OF OREGON. By DAN POLING. Doran. 1926. $2.

Young America indomitable is personified in John, our hero, champion all-round collegiate athlete of the Pacific coast. But it is with John's glorious exploits in the World War and love that the story is chiefly concerned. How, on our country's entrance into the conflict, the Secretary of War, knowing John's splendid college record, appointed him a captain-instructor at West Point, how John, soon a major, went over-seas, how, in nearly winning the war single-handed, he was wounded and rewarded with the rank of major-general in command of a division, and how, at the end, he was betrothed to the royal princess of a Balkan kingdom on the banks of the Rhine, forms a tale which should stir the hearts of all boy and girl readers on the verge of their teens.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE ARK. By KENNETH WALKER AND GEOFFERY M. BOUMPHREY. Dutton. 1926. $2.

Old Mr. Noah and the various members of his famous family fade into significance beside these amazing stories of the animals and their doings shut up all those days and nights in the Ark. We wonder that no one ever before realized the dramatic possibilities of this situation! Certainly the two authors have had no end of fun with the idea. The book is full of fun and action and events, from the moment when the magpie told about the old bearded man she had seen building an ark, and acting upon her advice all the animals hurried there for shelter when the rains and the darkness came down. Of course there were many controversies and differences and struggles to adjust themselves to each other and their strange surroundings. After one has chuckled over some of these and read how the elephant drank the bath water, it is not difficult to understand why at the end of forty days and nights the old happy relationships had entirely disappeared. It is a book that deserves a place on the same shelf with Kipling's "Just So Stories."

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE. By W. M. L. HUTCHINSON. Illustrated by DUGALD WALKER. Longmans, Green & Co. 1926.

This is a new and pleasant device for retelling, primarily for children, some of the most important of those "Antique fables, beautiful and bright," which belong to the legacy of Greece.

In Part I Orpheus, the legendary transmitter of music from the gods to men, is represented as a child, a woodman's son, to whom the Muses reveal themselves in the forest, telling him stories of the immortals and of heroes. One of the Nine, the reader sees, must have been his own mother, who had loved his father and bided her time to inspire her child. In Part II the later history of Orpheus is related: his search for his dead wife, Eurydice, in Hades, his singing to the beasts of the forest, his savage death at the hands of Baechautes.

The English of these tales has the clearness and simplicity which are appropriate to the inventions of the Greek imagination. At times, especially in Part I, the tone seems to be that of Germanic fairy stories rather than of classical myths. But perhaps this will all be more endearing to children, or even to older readers, the Greek singer and the Muses. The book can be heartily recommended to all who wish to refresh their own memories, or to lead the minds of children to springs of poetry and art.

Miscellaneous

ANTHONY TROLLOPE. By *Mary Leslie Irwin*. Wilson.

PASTIMES FOR SICK CHILDREN. By *Mary Street Whitten* and *Hope Whitten*. Appleton. $1.25.

THE MOTHER'S COOK BOOK. By *Barbara Webb Bourjaily* and *Dorothy May Gorman*. Appleton. $1.25.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF INVENTION. By *A. Frederick Collins*. Crowell. $2 net.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE. By *Hallie Erminie Rives*. Winston.

HOMES OF THE FREED. By *Rossa B. Cooley*. New Republic. $1.

WHY INFECTIONS? By *Nicholas Kopeloff*. Knopf.

LAND PLANNING IN THE UNITED STATES FOR THE CITY, STATE AND NATION. By *Harlean James*. Macmillan. $5.

THE PUBLIC AND THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY. By *William Marston Seabury*. Macmillan. $2.50.

MURDER IN FACT AND FICTION. By *Canon J. A. R. Brookes*. Brentanos. $2.50.

REAL DOGS. Compiled by *Chales Wright Gray*. Holt. $2.50.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF EARLY ENGLISH LAW BOOKS. Compiled by *Joseph Henry Beale*. Harvard University Press.

ORPHEUS. By *W. J. Fannes*. Dutton. $1.

THE SECOND BOOK OF NEGRO SPIRITUALS. Edited by *James Weldon Johnson*. Musical arrangements by *J. Rosamond Johnson*. Viking. $3.50.

Philosophy

UNDERSTANDING OURSELVES. By *Harold Dearden*. Boni & Liveright. $3.

PHILOSOPHY OF PLAIN PEOPLE. By *Maurice M. Kaumitz*. Adelphi. $3.

MODERN CLASSICAL PHILOSOPHERS. Compiled by *Benjamin Rand*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

THINKING ABOUT THINKING. By *Cassius J. Keyser*. Dutton. $1.

WILL AND WILLER. By *Mrs. Rhys Davids*. London: Williams and Norgate.

WINDS OF DOCTRINE. By *G. Santayana*. Scribners. $2.50.

MAN AND THE STATE. By *William Ernest Hocking*. Yale University Press. $4.

PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY. By *Edward Stevens Robinson*. Macmillan.

A STUDY OF NATIO-RACIAL MENTAL DIFFERENCES. By *Nathaniel D. Mitron Hirsch*. Gloucester, Mass.: Clark University.

Poetry

SELECTED POEMS. By *Edith M. Thomas*. Harpers. $2.

SATIRICAL POEMS. By *Siegfried Sassoon*. Viking. $1.50.

FROM THE BOOK OF EXTENUATIONS. By *Edmund Vance Cooke*. Doran. $1.50.

DARK OF THE MOON. By *Sara Teasdale*. Macmillan. $1.50.

JOYFUL JEREMIADS. By *Louis I. Newman*. San Francisco: Lantern Press.

CITADELS. By *Marguerite Wilkinson*. Macmillan. $1.50.

Travel

MONTMARTRE PAST AND PRESENT. By EMILE-BAYARD. Brentano's. 1926. $4.50.

The mention of Montmartre calls forth a primary snicker and a secondary regret. No one who goes to Paris fails to take at least one look at the lurid cafés and cabarets, and no summer tourist returns across the Atlantic without startling tales of the quarter's fantastic revelry. But just as universal is the regret for the passing of old Montmartre—now only a memory and fast becoming a myth. Every tourist whether a professor on his sabbatical or an insurance agent on a spree feels called upon to mourn the death of true Bohemianism. Even the most inartistic like to think that once in the world's history there was a time and place where Art was All. Of this reputation the Montmartre of thirty years ago has an almost complete monopoly. Greenwich Village provoked a laugh before it was out of its swaddling clothes, and London's Bohemia died of the fog and the nearness of Paris before it produced its first healthy anecdote.

M. Emile-Bayard in this rather too voluminous work attempts to tell us about the real Montmartre and compare it with the false outgrowth which now flourishes in its place. He writes like a Frenchman who isn't having a good time. He's over-logical, over-detailed, and far too serious to give any life to his story. Each leading café of the golden age is described. Each well-known survivor is interviewed. The matter of the grisette is treated with all the solemnity of a sociological monograph. At least his work is complete. The information is all there, and anyone who knew the old Montmartre or even knows the new can perhaps add life of his own to the framework as he adds gin to a non-alcoholic cocktail. But we fear the thrill will be entirely synthetic.

CATHEDRALS. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. $4 net.

Those who have made a cathedral pilgrimage through England, or those who hope to do so, will alike wish to possess this handsome book. Lavishly supplied with excellent photographs and drawings, it contains accompanying historical and descriptive notices into the brief space of which is packed a chronicle of the founding and evolution of the edifices, comment on their outstanding features, and mention of events or functions which have lent interest to them. It is a book to be used and to be kept.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

NEW YORK IN THE ELEGANT EIGHTIES. By *Henry Collins Brown* (Valentine's Manual).

ANGEL. By *Du Bose Heyward* (Doran).

MAN IS WAR. By *John Carter* (Bobbs-Merrill).

H. E. B., Oklahoma City, Okla., asks for recent books to outfit a reading circle interested in places and people in Scotland and Ireland.

I APPROACH the subject of Scotland warily, having been warned by several correspondents to keep off it until popular feeling roused by the appearance in this column of a letter with which the words "May I say that Paisley is a town in Lancashire, England . . . had subsided." "Well, I suppose she may say so," concedes someone signing "Renfrew Forever!" "and no doubt Lancashire would feel greatly honoured were that 'town' (pop. 85,000) a part of the shire, but all Scots will arise in mighty wrath and smite the lady with their claymores." A Scottish author now visiting New York says he is going to bring this affair to the attention of the Town Council, a trifle touchy on the matter anyway, for they have for some time suffered under slighting references to "all Scotland and Paisley," current in the British Isles. It is therefore with special satisfaction that I open this list with "Wanderings in the Western Highlands and Islands," by M. E. M. Donaldson, published by A. Gardner, Paisley, 1920. This recounts "highland and clan history, traditions, ecclesiology, archæology, romance, literature, humor, folklore, etc.," and has forty-two of the author's photographs, a special map, line drawings and plans, in 511 pages.

The "Peeps at Many Lands" series of color-illustrated books published here by Macmillan has a beautiful volume, "Scotland and Ireland," with text by Elizabeth Grierson and Katherine Tynan. Clifton Johnson's "The Land of Heather" (Macmillan), for some time out of print, has been reissued; this has many photographic plates, and is a sort of reading-guidebook. "The Burns Country," by C. S. Dougall (Macmillan), is a little book now in its third edition. There is a new edition of Robert Chambers's classic. "Traditions of Edinburgh" (Lippincott) and the house of Chambers, of Edinburgh and London, has just published a delicious book of reminiscences, "Edinburgh Memories and Some Worthies," by J. Wilson McLaren; I find the worthies quite the richest collection of human various that I have met in a long time. This characteristic tang and savour is also in Mary D. Steuart's "Romances of Edinburgh Streets" (Dutton). Elizabeth Grierson's "Things Seen in Edinburgh" (Dutton) is another of these excellent pocket guides with pictures, now almost covering the Old World, at least the parts of it to which travellers are likely to go. "Highlands and Islands of Scotland," by A. R. H. Moncrieff (Macmillan), is another new book, and there is a new edition, with colored pictures, of Sir Walter Scott's Scottish history, "Tales of a Grandfather" (Stokes), abridged by Elsie M. Lang.

My present favorite of the books about Ireland is the all-embracing work by Padraic Colum, "The Road Round Ireland" (Macmillan), through which I have just been galloping. It is a wandering tour, taking in places and persons, scenery enough and plenty of poets and playwrights, with illustrations by Irish artists; as for the style, I gave it to a friend to look over and found her an hour later reading it out loud to herself because the words came so richly to the ear. Harold Speakman's "Here's Ireland" (Dodd, Mead) came out in the Spring, an account of a trip with a donkey and the information picked up in its progress, with pictures by the author. "Ireland Beautiful" is another of Wallace Nutting's gorgeous picture-books (Old America Co.). "The Isle of Shamrock," by Clifton Johnson (Macmillan), is a reissue of a popular travel-guide with many photographs.

Stephen Gwynn's "Ireland" (Scribner) is one of the series of surveys of countries of modern Europe to which belongs the much-discussed "England" of Dean Inge (Scribner). The books in this series I strongly recommend to reading-clubs interested in present-day political and economic studies; they have enough history to form an adequate background. The latest Irish history for home reading is Mr. Gwynn's "Student's History of Ireland" (Macmillan), and the latest biography contributing to that history is the fiery "Parnell," by St. John Ervine (Little, Brown), a book that is read straight through and not forgotten. To many American readers it would be unforgivable to leave out Somerville and Ross, and those who meet them in "Irish Memories" (Longmans) will make haste to read the other books they have missed.

At this writing the authors who are making Ireland for me are Liam O'Flaherty, James Joyce, and Sean O'Casey. If my mental island has too much Dublin in proportion, it is because their books have bitten into my brain. It is as impossible to forget one reading of O'Flaherty's "The Informer" (Knopf) as to escape the memory of O'Casey's "Plough and the Stars" (Macmillan) once seen upon the stage. As for "Ulysses," anyone who survives a session with that soul-splintering analysis won't be likely to forget the experience. It may interest old-fashioned readers willing to take a chance on new writers that the best approach to Joyce seems to me through Edwin Muir's "Transition" (Viking), a collection of essays on certain moderns, that will give a dazzled conservative, confronted with a technique to which he has as yet no clue, an idea of what these writers are trying to achieve.

E. S. W., Charlevoix, Mich., asks me to settle a dispute as to color of the author of "Porgy."

DU BOSE HEYWARD, who has just been in town for a few days getting "Porgy" (Doran) ready to rehearse as a play, was more moved than delighted at the question which is being asked about his degree of pigmentation. He was born in Charleston, S. C., where he has lived practically ever since, his family of the finest Colonial stock, impoverished by the Civil War and Reconstruction. At fourteen he gave up trying to get an education in the public schools of Charleston and worked at various jobs, as often as possible on the water-front, for its life fascinated him. But whether on a steamboat-line or as checker in a cotton shed, he wanted to write, and in time made his first appearance with Hervey Allen in a volume of verse, "Carolina Chansons," which Amy Lowell mentioned to me as the most promising work of the year from the younger generation. He then wrote "Skylines and Horizons," a second volume of verse, and has just published "Angel," a story of white Hill-people (Doran). Hervey Allen is at work on a brief critical biography which Doran will publish as a booklet according to Alan Rinehart "this ought to stop any questions as to Heyward's color and quality."

A. M. B., New York, asks if there is a book that gives patterns of patchwork quilts.

I THOUGHT the only book of this kind was out of print, but the demand for Marie D. Webster's "Quilts: Their Story and How to Make Them" (Doubleday, Page), has forced it back into the catalogue. It is well illustrated in colors and with photographs, and there is a long list of names of patterns that throws a sidelight on our social history.

B. G. S., Kansas City, Mo., asks for books on expressionism, especially in the drama.

HERMANN BAHR'S "Expressionism" has been published in English by Henderson, and is probably the best-known work of this sort. There is some consideration of expressionism in Huntly Carter's "The New Spirit in the European Drama, 1914-1924," a comparative study of changes effected by war and revolution (Doran). Besides a general discussion of its principles and references to magazine articles and books, it colors a good part of the volume in one way and another. This is a large, opinionated, comprehensive, and well-illustrated book, useful to any student of contemporary drama. "The Youngest Drama," by Ashley Dukes, also treats it, and J. E. Spingarn's "Creative Criticism" (Harcourt, Brace), but the subject must be caught as it flits through current magazines. "Expressionism in Art," by Oskar Pfister (Dutton), is the most thorough-going treatment this branch of the subject has had, reaching its psychological and biological basis by a series of experiments with a young artist.

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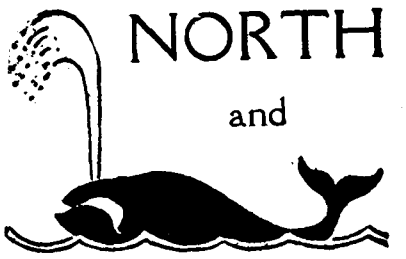

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"THE SATURDAY REVIEWERS"

THE announcement on the first page of this issue of *The Saturday Review* is the result of a full year's consideration of the hardest problem which confronts every literary editor in the world. *The Saturday Review* is no exception—in fact, it has been particularly concerned with the necessity for devising the best possible solution.

A close reading of the announcement will give a satisfactory understanding of the problem, its ramifications, and the plan which has been developed by the editor of *The Saturday Review* to surmount these difficulties.

The success of any plan is dependent upon the individuals who are responsible for its execution. *The Saturday Review of Literature* has retained the following group of critics who will be known as "The Saturday Reviewers."

HERVEY ALLEN. Author of "Israfel: The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe." Poet. Department of English, Vassar College.

ERNEST S. BATES. Ph.D., in Philosophy and English.

ARTHUR COLTON. Author of "The Delectable Mountains," etc. Librarian.

MALCOLM DAVIS. Managing Editor *Foreign Affairs*.

EDWARD DAVISON. Author of "Harvest of Youth." English Department, Vassar College.

LEE WILSON DODD. Author of "The Book of Susan." Novelist, Dramatist. Poet.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER. Author of "Estimates in Art." Fine Arts Department, Princeton University.

LLOYD MORRIS. Author of "The Celtic Dawn." English Department, Columbia University.

ALLAN NEVINS. Author of "The American States." Editorial writer for the New York *World*.

R. G. TUGWELL. Department of Economics, Columbia University.

Points of View

Unintelligentsia

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

"A Highbrow Editorial" in your issue of October 9 is an amply justified expression, but one feels it too narrow and limited in its scope in several directions. It would have been even more satisfying if it had been extended to include the total damnation of all majorities. Also there was lacking a real appreciation of the unintelligentsia in your editorial. One ought to be grateful for the existence of the underdogs of the social structure. The underdog exists to be walked upon.

You have dealt so long with the processes and concerns of intelligence that you assume they are really essential and important. It just has to be accepted that for the overwhelming majority the supreme attainment is the age of puberty, and the interests pertaining thereto. Just because most persons wear somewhat similar clothes, eat similar foods, use varying portions of the same vocabulary and by force of fetish, habit, custom, law and what-not, carry a common coloration, you are too easily led into assuming that the species is intelligent, or that appearances mean anything.

Your world is the world of the printed word. The written and printed word began as the special property of the most intelligent, and in the main so continued until more recently when the motion picture short-cut to emotional re-creations revealed the existence of the audience which is now being explored and exploited by the tabloids and other lowbrow prints. The art of Californography arising amid the orange-perfumed groves of Hollywood became the psychoanalysis of the nation, and of the world masses. Manufacturers who convert spruce pulp and scandals into two-cent paper, vaudeville merchandise, learned about people in the film theatres. Then they set the linotypes and the engraving rooms to filling the prescription.

It is the mere coincidence of the use of some parts of the same language and some elements of the same medium, which have so long been the properties of your class, which has brought these newly revealed "readers" to your distressed attention.

So long as the ignorance and emptiness of the common mind was expressed only in bad living which you did not share, in bad art which you did not have to look upon, in bad food you did not have to eat, in shoddy merchandise in shops you never visited, you were not painfully aware. Now it is all exposed to your view, just because these churls, serfs, and varlets have invaded the domain of the printed word in conspicuous numbers. It is regrettable that they should be permitted the use of type at all, but it is too late, I fear, to do much about it. In ancient days more intelligent civilizations than ours proscribed learning or literature in any form for the masses.

You do, I feel, exaggerate and misinterpret in your plaint, where you suggest that all this lamentable "stuff and nonsense of the gum-chewer's journal" is an influence. It is clearly much more of a symptom than a cause. The gum-chewers were chewing just the same long before they began chewing on pulpwood.

The condition of the public alleged mind which is revealed to us is no more regrettable, no more important, no more significant, than the weather, the law of gravity, politics, religions, and other current manifestations which cause one occasional displeasure and, mayhap, inconvenience.

Ideas and opinions, sir, are rare luxuries, while emotions and prejudices are the staples of the life of the great common people of our great nation. Nothing could be more unprofitable than such editorial expression as you have indulged yourself in—unless it might be writing such letters as this one.

TERRY RAMSAYE.

New York.

Henry Timrod

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*.

SIR:

I am preparing a study of Henry Timrod and shall be deep in the debt of any of your readers who will point me to or send me copies of Timrod's letters and manuscripts and of letters in which he is mentioned by members of his literary group—Simms, Hayne, Legare, etc.

LESTER HARGETT.

Tulane University,

"Hung Lou Meng"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I have an entry to make in your neglected book catalogue. I would like to enter what is to me one of the most individual and captivating works of art in the world, the great Chinese novel, "Hung Lou Meng," also known as "The Dream of the Red Chamber."

I'm not blaming Americans for neglecting it. Chinese is not on the usual high school curriculum, and so far as I know there is only one English transcription of "Hung Lou Meng," an incomplete and crude translation made by one H. Bencraft Joly of the British consulate in China and published in Hong Kong in 1893, apparently, judging from its brief preface, as a sort of "pony" for the use of English speaking students of Chinese literature. I happened across this translation in the Boston Public Library in my sophomore year in college, the same year I made my private and personal discovery of "War and Peace." It was a year worth being alive!

The novel was written by an unknown author in the later 1700's, just about the time that "Tom Jones" was coming off the press. It concerns the tragic love of Pao-yü and his young cousin, Tao-yü. This love story, which is as simple in outline as it is profound and intricate in psychological understanding, is set in a thin vivid frame of mystical allegory. There is mention of the time when the Heavens fell out of repair and were rebuilt by the Goddess of Works with 36,500 blocks of jade, the 36,501st block, important to the allegory, being discarded; there are Taoist bonzes who arrange meetings in such thrilling places as the Outer Limits of the Great Void; misty ancestors who debate the welfare of their descendants and send them important dreams in "the red chamber."

Though the inherent tragedy is well defined from the very first chapter, I couldn't answer as to the cumulative power of the novel, seeing that only fifty-six of the 120 chapters are available in Joly's translation. But the great glory of the novel lies in its humanity, and not even the clumsiest, most inadequate translation in the world could wholly obscure the truth and beauty of characterization and intricate interplay of human relations. The young people, mere children in the opening of the story, are especially good; Tolstoy's junior Rostofs are not more alive and engaging. Tao-yü is not another Natasha, but she is as individual and lovely. The story abounds in idylls of Chinese childhood and youth—Pao-yu going off to school after leaving specific word with Tai-yü not to start mixing the rouge until he gets home; Pao-yú going to Tao-yü's abode in the "green gauze house" to see if she is up yet, and tucking the bedclothes more warmly about her when he finds her still asleep; Pao-yü wandering about the new gardens with Chia Cheng, and the rest of his coterie, naming every nook and composing verses to be inscribed there against the visit of the Imperial Consort; Pao-ch'ai arranging her birthday feast to please her Grandmother Chia, and the whole confab of young cousins being exquisitely polite and considerate of this grandmother while she sits benignantly among them and then breaking out into a wild frolic the moment she goes.

To my mind this novel is at least as worthy of competent translation, and publication as the "Tale of Genji." It may not have quite the flowerlike, perfect quality that the Japanese novels possess in Arthur Waley's translation, but it is more vigorous, clearer and fresher in atmosphere; more akin for all its exotic coloring and mystical framework to the spirit of the west. Were it only accessible here in America I cannot believe that it would be one more "neglected book." It is far too enthralling. If anyone knows of a translation of "Hung Lou Meng" into any Occidental language, I should like to hear of it.

If Stella Benson is bored with China she might try a translation to pass the time away. Or perhaps Christopher Morley will add it to his adaptations "from the Chinese." But perhaps it isn't just his style—or hers.

MARION L. STARKEY.

Saugus, Mass.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

VOL. XXXI OF "AMERICAN BOOK PRICES CURRENT"

THE "American Book Prices Current" containing a record of books sold at auction in New York and elsewhere in this country, from July 1, 1924, to July 1, 1925, the season of 1924-1925, making its thirty-first annual volume, compiled from auctioneers' catalogues, published by E. P. Dutton & Company, of this city, is now in the hands of its subscribers. This octavo volume has 802 pages, slightly more than the space devoted to books last year. It marks a departure, however, inasmuch as the record of "Autographs and Manuscripts," an important feature of preceding volumes, has been abandoned.

Its editor states that an effort has been made to give as wide a range for comparison as possible. By a new system of abbreviations ten per cent more material has been included in practically the same space. The season of 1924-1925 is marked by the high standard of prices forecast by preceding years and by the initial appearance of a large number of rare books. Among the libraries dispersed were those of William Harris Arnold, Beverly Chew, Paul F. McAlenney, William F. Gable, O. H. P. Belmont, the printing libraries of Aurelius Morgner and John Clyde Oswald, the typographical libraries of Luther A. Brewer and David Williams, the collection of Americana of George Manierre, George Goldsmith's association books of the presidents, the libraries of Edith Kingdon Gould and George Jay Gould, and miscellaneous books from the library of Henry E. Huntington.

Among the rarer and more valuable books recorded in this volume are Tennyson's "Lover's Tale" which sold for $6,900; "The True and the False," $7,000; a trial copy of "The Victim," $9,000; Milton's "Paradise Lost," $5,600; Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," $5,350; Blake's "Songs of Innocence," $5,500; the entire series of Shakespeare Folios, the First selling at $11,750, the Second at $3,600, the Third at $7,000, and the Fourth at $950; a copy of the Kilmarnock Burns sold for $2,900, the Strawberry Hill issue of Gray's "Odes," $3,900, and Fitzgerald's translation of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" $2,050. These were, of course, all fine copies of first editions.

The authors holding the stage longest were Hardy, Kipling, Stevenson, Dickens, and Thackeray. Kipling items included "The Smith Administration" at $4,100; "The Week's News" at $1,700; "Schoolboy Lyrics," $1,300; *The United Service College Chronicle*, $1,150; "The Quartette," $825; "Life's Handicap," $650; and "Echoes," $1,150. Stevenson's "Appeal to the Clergy" sold for $3,200; "Treasure Island," $1,550; "South Seas," $1,900; "Moral Emblems," $600; and "The Surprise," $1,400. Hardy's "Desperate Remedies" brought $2,100; "The Dynasts," $2,100, and "Convergance of the Twain," $800. Dicken's "Great Expectations," sold for $840; "A Reading," $1,750; "Pictures from Italy," inscribed, $1,000; and "The Strange Gentleman," $925. Thackeray's "Flore et Zephyr" fetched $950; "Vanity Fair," $1,875; and "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," $550.

Among high prices realized for American first editions were Hawthorne's "Fanshawe," $2,050; "Scarlet Letter," $725; Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," $900; the *New York Mirror* containing Poe's "Raven," $830. A steadily increasing interest was manifested in early and rare Americana, Wood's "New England Prospect," bringing $1,700; Nicholl's "Hour Glass of Indian News," $580; Whitefield's "Journal" printed by Franklin, $1,600; and Winslow's "New England Salamander," $600.

In addition, there were many fine specimens of private and special presses, book clubs, fine bindings, illustrated books, colored plate books, works on ornithology, and original source material of American history. Choice and rare material uniformly brought high prices.

The importance of this series of annuals to the collector grows with the addition of each new volume. The rare book world are under great obligations to E. P. Dutton & Company for continuing this work so efficiently along the lines which its first editor, the late Luther S. Livingston, established, and for which he will always be held in grateful remembrance.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

EARLY next month the University of London Press will issue a volume entitled "Saint Francis of Assisi: Essays in Commemoration, 1226-1926," forming a companion to the Dante Sexcentenary" volume which came from the press in 1921.

A limited edition will shortly be published by Messrs. Peter Davies of London of "The Spiritual Quixote," Richard Graves's satire on the Methodism of Whitfield and the Wesleys, reprinted in two volumes from the first edition of 1773, with an introduction by Charles Whibley.

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GOOD BOOKS

The Phoenix Nest

WE have been looking through a beautiful book upon the Color Prints of *Hiroshige,* written by *Edward F. Strange* and published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, with fifty-two plates including sixteen in color. It is an importation from England and begins with a chapter on the technique and history of Japanese Color Prints. The Japanese prints, like the early *chiaroscuro prints* made in Italy, "were done from boldly cut woodblocks with a separate printing for each color. The Chinese seem to have had the process before it became established in Japan." All the steps in the process of making a Japanese color-print are interestingly described. The plates are, of course, full of poetic suggestion. Take the blue fan-print,—its title is Nightingale, Full Moon, and Plum-Blossom. What more need be said? Later on, a beautiful design is entitled, "Long-tailed Blue Bird on Branch of Plum-Tree in Blossom," which is positively rhythmic. Some of the snowy landscapes are exquisite, —and the fan-print of the Tortoises in Water reminds us of our own find and Elvira's several weeks ago on Greenwich Avenue, when in a little shop we purchased cheaply some old eighteenth century English prints in color of birds and animals, plates from a famous old zoölogy. Her parroquet and snow-bird and rosy bird with a lizard enchanted Elvira, but, for our part, we rejoice in the possession of a Dodo, two most intelligent tortoises, a Zebra "drawn from a stuffed skin," and an elephant drawn from a young elephant in the London of the time, in which "the teeth are added to compleat the figure." . . .

Ben Hecht's new book, "Broken Necks," containing more "1001 Afternoons" appeared on October 27th. Its publication was delayed because first *Pascal Covici,* the publisher, felt some changes should be made in the preface, then Hecht wired "Use it at your discretion but if you use it do not change or edit it," and then Covici decided to publish the preface as originally submitted. . . .

We have got to speak again about *Ernest Hemingway's* "The Sun Also Rises," for now we've finished it. The last time we spoke of it we had just begun it. An interim ensued in which Brett, Lady Ashley, came as something of a shock. She had strayed out of "The Green Hat." We couldn't see what she was doing in Hemingway's novel. We haven't yet seen. She and Jake and Mike and Robert Cohn and Romero, the bullfighter. There was an O, so lovely, lady. Doggone it, and likewise shoot! But Hemingway got under way again. Spain claimed him. Fishing trip at Burguete, seven-day fiesta at Pamplona, bull fighting, Bill's being funny, Mike's being drunken, dialogue extremely actual, superb pithy description. The book held us all the way through and we were sorry to finish it. In spite of Brett. There is no doubt in our mind as to Hemingway's power as a writer. He interests us. He can convey the charms of the kind of life that interests him. He is boyish in the glamour that a Brett has for him. But there is too much genuine stuff to him ever to be done in by Michael Arlen. Queer! that any of that kind of thing should have stuck to him. . . .

"Sandy," we read, "The Story of an Airedale. By *Horace Lytle.* A courageous dog tells his own life-story." Somebody seems to owe somebody an apology. . . .

At the Sesquicentennial they have got out facsimiles of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* for 1836. The copy that was sent to us, of March 25 in that year, is a priceless possession. The article on "The Poet Burns" for instance, and the poem, "The Birth of Venus." . . .

John Masefield is now giving his series of six readings at the Town Hall. The fifth lecture comes off next Monday. . . .

"Bob" (Robert H.) Davis's "Over My Left Shoulder" strikes us as a volume of autobiography that should contain some most individual impressions of the past. How like old Bob is the title, and what a lot of life he must have seen. He has met all kinds. We still root for his Fitzsimmons book and this one, of broader perspectives, is one we want to get our hands on. . . .

A second collection of prose and verse chosen by the present editor of *The Bibelot,* that remarkable reprint of poetry and prose gleaned from scarce editions and sources not generally known and instituted by the late *Thomas Bird Mosher* of Portland, Maine,—is "Amphora," a memorial edition in honour of the founder of the Mosher Books. The first "Amphora" was brought out in 1912 by Mosher himself, and it had been his purpose to gather together in another volume the selections which he included in his catalogues from 1912 to 1923. Here, in this second collection, the work is done. It also preserves his Forewords, which are essays in themselves, and three of his poems not heretofore printed over his name. The frontispiece is an admirable likeness of this stoical lover of beauty who was such an inspired appreciator of all that is fine in literature. . . .

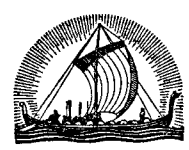
We call your special attention to two novels published by Robert M. McBride and Company. The first of these is "The Fiddler in Barly" by *Robert Nathan.* If you have been following fine things in literature you must be familiar with Mr. Nathan's former novels, "Autumn," "The Puppet Master," and "Jonah." It would be detestable of us to call Mr. Nathan the American Barrie, because we hate that manner of comparison, and Nathan's imaginative and gently fantastic prose is unique. He packs brief books with a rare wistful enchantment, and writes with as fine a feeling for language as his ear is nice in music or his wrist dexterous with the foil. The other book is a first novel, *Gloria Goddard's* "Backyard." Miss Goddard is known as a gifted poet. In prose she builds her scene and creates character with that economy of means that all true poets learn. And the idea of her book is original and striking. It holds forth a great deal of promise. . . .

Hoke McAshan, publisher, of 1428 Wayne Avenue, South Pasadena, California, announces that in the near future he is going to begin publishing a weekly, and offers ten dollars as a prize for a name for it. He will feature in it articles relating to the application of science to the human personality. . . .

Herbert Quick's "Mississippi Steamboatin'" has been completed by his son, Edward. Mississippi history is being revived these days in various treatments and this virile and authentic account of traffic and life on the dramatic old river should appeal to many. It will come through Holt about the first of November. . . .

So, comrades, we leave you here a little.

THE PHŒNICIAN.



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* * * * *

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